



Together
FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

MARCH 1963

In this issue:

Children of the Old Testament

A new portrait series
By SUNÉ RICHARDS

Late Word From the Congo

By BISHOP NEWELL S. BOOTH

Eloquent George Whitefield

By ROY L. SMITH

*University of Pennsylvania
traces its origin to 1740 and to
the charity school founded
there by Whitefield.*

FIRE!



... But From the Ashes, a New Triumph!

IN THE bitter cold of Sunday morning, January 22, 1961—45 minutes before church-school time—flames swept through historic Central Methodist Church, Winona, Minn., sending the entire sanctuary thundering into the fiery basement. When it was all over, only the lofty, 64-year-old bell tower remained standing as before. A beautiful church, valued at more than \$700,000, was nothing but ice-sheathed ruins.

For four days, the tower bells remained mute under cloaks of ice. Then they began to ring again, and Methodists under the leadership of their new pastor, Dr. E. Clayton Burgess, who had preached to them only once, began a task all too familiar to others who have stood helpless before the tragedy of a destructive church fire. [See *Nine Churches Burned Today!* December, 1959, page 16.]

Another church soon will go up around the heroic bell tower—in fact a new \$817,000 building will be dedicated at Winona before 1965. No one ever doubted that this could be done. But what may surprise some are the two projects fire-stricken Central Methodist carried out and paid for after the fire. Not only did the congregation fulfill its pledge to give \$5,000 to a Methodist retirement home in Winona, it sent another \$5,000 overseas to build a church in suburban Vienna, Austria! Truly, each is witness to a faith and devotion no flames ever could consume.



Architect's drawing of the church as it will appear when rebuilt around the historic bell tower. Meanwhile, using undamaged Guild Hall for services, Methodists at Winona are helping others even as they help themselves.



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The Church in Action

LAYMEN CALL ON UNCHURCHED IN NATIONWIDE VISITATION

The News: Across the USA a Methodist-wide effort is underway to recapture the dynamic discipleship of founder John Wesley. The goal: setting up in 40,000 churches of activated groups of men and women known as *The Twelve* to call on nonchurchgoers. Purpose: conversion—and church membership.

Recruitment for *The Twelve* will be concentrated in the "Period of Spiritual Enrichment," February 27-April 15, according to Herbert J. Taylor, of Park Ridge, Ill., who heads a national aluminum corporation and is chairman of the Lay Committee on Evangelism of the Methodist Board of Evangelism.

"*The Twelve* takes its name and cue from Jesus' disciples," he says. "We think it will provide a means for many Methodists to learn the secret of John Wesley's power. Tens of thousands of calls will be made during the Week of Lay Visitation Witness, March 17-22."

The program will gain momentum throughout 1963, Aldersgate Year, which commemorates the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's heartwarming experience at Aldersgate. [See *Methodism's 'Emphasis' for 1963 to Be 'The Warmed Heart,'* January, page 3.] It's all part of the Board of Evangelism's *Decade of Dynamic Discipleship*.

Background: It all comes straight out of the Methodist book. *The Twelve* is a lineal descendant of the five Oxford University students who set up what outsiders called the Holy Club. Under John Wesley's leadership it was so efficient at praying, Bible-reading, and visiting the sick, poor, and imprisoned, that members were called Methodists.

Wesley's religious zeal was quickened at Aldersgate, May 24, 1738. Soon he and associates were setting up Methodist "societies" throughout Britain—and then in America. As an astute organizer—one historian compares him to Richelieu!—he sensed the need for an activated, tight-knit "faithful few" within each society.

At Bristol, he experimented in 1742 with a "class" ("cell" might be a modern equivalent) of 12 dedicated persons who accepted almost monklike discipline. The obvious purpose was to collect a penny per week to lift the debt on "the New Room," Methodism's first preachinghouse or church, now a "must" on itineraries of Methodist tourists in Britain. Soon members began to study intensively, to testify earnestly, and to rebuke or encourage candidly.

A typical group of The Twelve discusses plans for calling on the unchurched in their community at their weekly hour-long session of prayer and meditation.

The Twelve is their 20th-century descendant. Members agree to:

- Participate in weekly meetings.
- Attend regular worship services every Sunday.
- Undertake personal study, meditation, and prayer as a basic part of every day's schedule.
- Share a special time of visitation with other members of the group every month.
- Commit themselves to the highest standards of ethics and conduct in all social and business relationships.

To date, some 3,900 churches—about 10 percent of the total—have organized from 1 to 15 such groups. Each group consists of 6 to 16 members, although 12 is considered the ideal number. Members meet in homes or in the church, and during their hour-long sessions spend 5 minutes in silent meditation, 25 minutes in study, 10 minutes in sharing concerns, 15 minutes in group prayer, and 5 minutes discussing what each plans to do because they have been together.

Significance: Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, retired pastor of Christ Methodist Church, New York City, has said "the early Christian church began as a lay movement, each person telling what Christ has done for him. But now the conventional church program has so often deteriorated into a sort of professional propaganda financed by silent spectators. A present crucial need . . . is for more to move from the spectators' gallery to the witness chair, for more testimony and less argument, for more news of what Christ is doing for us and less discussion of what hostile forces may do to us."

Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of Pittsburgh, Pa., has warned that "The Methodist Church has far too many on the sidelines lacking any meaningful commitment to the church."

The recapture of meaningful commitment through Bible study, prayer, personal witness, and visitation evangelism is the objective of *The Twelve*—and similar groups such as the Fisherman's Clubs and the Fellowship of Evangelism.

Members of *The Twelve* are to make calls each month on prospective church members. A typical report comes from the Atlanta-Decatur-Oxford District of the North Georgia Conference. Here some 75 groups have made 3,500 calls in 6 months.

The 566 Methodist churches in the Kansas Area and Topeka District of the Central Jurisdiction's Central West Conference in three days recently won 6,025 persons to Christ and the church—1,780 of them on profession of faith. Forty-one churches in the Tulsa District in a week brought in 2,512 persons.



good, good coffee!



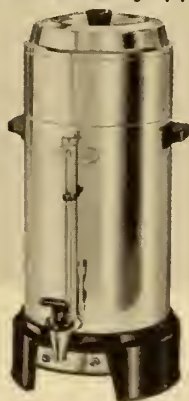
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Raises Statement Against Youth-Directed Tobacco Ads

Roger Burgess has praised a statement by LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, that "tobacco provides a serious hazard to health" and that much cigarette advertising encourages smoking by "those without mature judgment."

Mr. Burgess, director of the Methodist Division of Temperance and General Welfare, said, "Our board and the concerns and policies of The Methodist Church are in full support of your forthright statement. . . . We have long been concerned about the effects of advertising on young people and the ethics of presenting products in such a way as to appeal to youth."

Unity, Relaxing of Religious Tensions Stressed by WCC

The annual year-end report of the World Council of Churches stressed the increasing expression of mutual interest in Christian unity by Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Orthodox, and the relaxation of religious tensions.

"Interest in unity became pervasive among Christians in 1962," said Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, WCC executive secretary in the U.S. He said that the most notable extension of interest in unity was demonstrated in the attendance of Protestant and Orthodox delegate-observers at the Second Vatican Council. [See *The Pope Extends His Hand*, January, page 43.]

The relaxation of "long-standing tensions has been apparent in events and official decisions of church organizations, but the most significant development has been the change in attitudes which serves as a barometer of the spiritual and psychological climate," Dr. Barnes said. However, he cautioned:

"After many years of tensions we should not be surprised if there should be some interruptions of progress" in Christian unity.

More Methodists in Congress

Methodists outnumber the members of any other denomination in the 88th United States Congress. As a result of the 1962 elections, Methodists increased from 97 to 102.

Gains were reported also by Roman Catholics, from 97 to 99, and Presbyterians, from 72 to 82. Baptists and Episcopalians dropped from 1961 totals with 64 each. Eighteen other denominations are represented in Congress.

Twenty congressmen list themselves only as Protestant and two report no affiliation.

Twenty-four of the 102 Methodist congressmen are senators and 78 are

tives.

Among governors, 11 are Methodists. According to a Methodist Information survey, the remaining 39 governors include 9 Roman Catholics; 8 Baptists; 7 Episcopalians; and 7 Presbyterians. Congregationalists, Lutherans, and Mormons have two each; and Disciples and United Church of Christ, one each.

Bishop Oxnam Recovering After Brain Operation

A rare brain operation to relieve Parkinson's disease has been performed on retired Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, D.C. He was reported recovering at St. Barnabas Hospital in New York City where the surgery was performed by Dr. Irving S. Cooper, originator of a deep-freezing technique to help palsy victims.

Bishop Oxnam is a former president of the Federal (now National) Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches. Since his retirement as head of the Washington Area of The Methodist Church, he and Mrs. Oxnam have lived at Scarsdale, N.Y.

Church-Member Percentage In U.S. Shows Decrease

The percentage of church members in the United States population declined .2 of 1 percent in 1961, according to the 1963 issue of the *Yearbook of American Churches*.

The *Yearbook* lists total membership in American churches in 1961 as 116,109,929 or 63.4 percent of the population, as against 63.6 percent a year earlier.

Only once before has there been a decrease. In 1870, church-membership

TOGETHER

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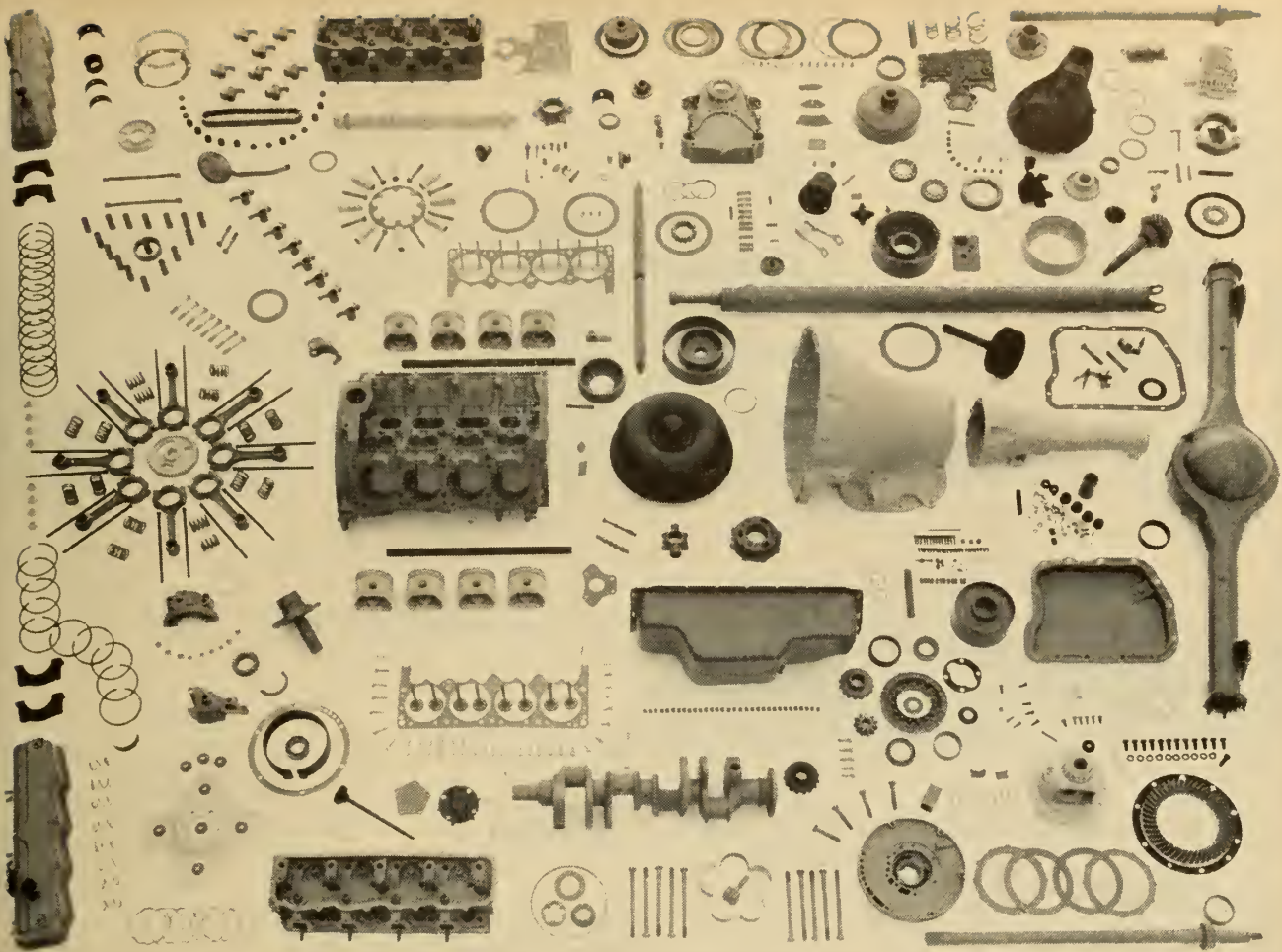
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Members of 30 Protestant denominations make up the congregation of the Rev. Harold E. Baker, a Methodist (center, holding bulletin). He was named to Interdenominational Church, Seal Beach, Calif., at Rossmore Leisure World, a large senior-citizen housing development. More than 5,000 couples live there.

percentages were 18 percent or 5 percent less than the high of 23 percent 10 years earlier.

Protestant-membership percentage of the total U.S. population fell from 35.4 in 1960 to 35.2 in 1961. The Roman Catholics also registered a decline—from 23.6 to 23.4 percent.

Protestant church-school enrollment showed a loss of 3.1 percent.

Survey Reveals 28 Percent Of New Churches in Suburbs

A survey by the National Council of Churches reveals that only 28 percent of the new congregations of major Protestant denominations are being established in the suburbs.

Contrary to popular belief, a substantial number of new churches is being opened in the inner city, in non-metropolitan larger cities and towns, and in rural areas, the survey showed.

During the 1958-60 survey period, 45 denominations showed an annual average of 1,469 new churches established and an average of 836 churches closed.

Students Witness for Peace

A Witness for Peace demonstration was staged in Topeka recently by 60 Methodist students from 8 universities and colleges in Kansas. The students said they hoped their witness would help awaken the people to the "peril of the arms race and the awfulness of nuclear war."

Praising the students, Bishop Eugene Slater of the Kansas Area said, "Their witness points up the necessity of universal, safeguarded disarmament, and calls for larger initiative in the development of plans for disarmament. In my judgment, these students are giving

serious thought to what may well be the most critical problem of our time."

Methodist Church for Bangka

Intensified Methodist evangelism promises to yield significant results on the island of Bangka, Indonesia. The island's first Methodist church has been organized by a visiting evangelistic team which included an American.

The team reported that within five years six additional churches could be established on the populous island off the eastern coast of south Sumatra.

Bangka is a tin-mining center with a population of almost a million persons, of whom more than half are Chinese.

The evangelistic thrust to Bangka was an outgrowth of surprising de-

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

MARCH

- 1—World Day of Prayer.
- 3—First Sunday in Lent.
- 3-10—Week of Confrontation and Enlistment (Aldersgate Year 1963).
- 5-6—Mid-Quadrennial Promotion Conference, Memphis, Tenn.
- 6-8—Southeastern Jurisdictional Convocation, Memphis, Tenn.
- 7-10—Middle Atlantic Adult Convocation, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
- 17-22—Week of Lay Visitation Witness (Aldersgate Year 1963).
- 17-23—Methodist Student Movement Fine Arts Seminar, San Francisco, Calif.
- 19-21—Consultations on Church Union, Oberlin, Ohio.
- 24—One Great Hour of Sharing.
- 26-28—National Methodist Study Conference on Economic Issues in Agriculture, Bethesda, Md.
- 31—Passion Sunday.

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2.					
3.					

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A night scene at Pittsburgh (Pa.) Arena where the 1964 Methodist General Conference will be held April 26-May 7. The roof opens if weather permits.

velopments in southern Sumatra, marked by the establishment of new churches and membership increases.

The Rev. Richard Babcock of Englewood, Colo., the American missionary member of the evangelistic team, said, "It was an extremely moving experience, and we all felt that the Holy Spirit was amongst us throughout. It is difficult to share what it was like other than to say that God has led us here."

Methodists in the News

George G. Walker, 86, of South Pasadena, Calif., has been honored by the Boy Scouts of America for 50 years of service.

Dr. Albert C. Outler of Dallas, Texas, was installed as vice-president of the American Society of Church History at its annual meeting in Chicago, Ill.

William C. White of Inyokern, Calif., was one of the two men lofted nearly 16 miles in the highest manned-balloon ascension in history. "Project Stargazer" gathered scientific data.

Dr. Eugene L. Smith of New York was elected to the board of directors of the Friends of the World Council of Churches.

Dr. Jim Turpin, now in Hong Kong, and **Congressman John Brademas** (D-Ind.) were named among America's Ten Outstanding Young Men for 1962.

Mrs. J. Fount Tillman of Lewis-

burg, Tenn., has been elected a trustee of John Street Church in New York City—the oldest Methodist society in America, organized in 1766. She is president of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Dr. Douglas Maitland Knight has been elected president of Methodist-related Duke University of Durham, N.C.

The Rev. Arthur Hopkinson, Jr., is the new associate secretary of the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations of The Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn.

Avery Mays, Dallas, Texas, has been given a brotherhood award by the Dallas chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Dr. Charles L. Calkins of Evanston, Ill., is the new president of the Church Pensions Conference, an inter-faith group representing nearly 30 religious bodies in the United States and Canada.

Methodist Is Vice-Moderator Of A.P. Church in The Hague

George Parks, a Methodist layman of Arlington, Va., is the vice-moderator of the American Protestant Church of The Hague—an interdenominational church in the Netherlands.

Mr. Parks is agricultural attaché of the American Embassy in The Hague and "a faithful and trustworthy lay guide in our church," said the Rev. Gilbert T. Bremicker, minister and moderator of the church.

Mrs. Parks is superintendent of the



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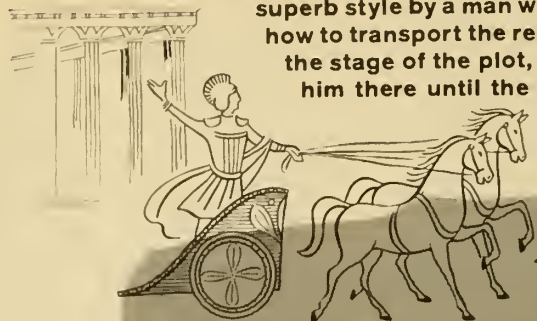
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George Parks stands in sanctuary of the American Protestant Church of The Hague in the Netherlands.

church school at The Hague church.

Approximately 10 percent of the 350 families in the church are Methodists, said Mr. Bremicker who was a pastor in the Chicago (Ill.) area for over 25 years. The church was organized by Americans in 1956 as an outgrowth of summer services for English-speaking tourists.

Methodist Publication Tells India's Neutralist Policy

The official organ of the Methodist Church in Southern Asia has replied to criticism of India's neutralist foreign policy in the past.

"Being neutral . . . has often been understood as neutral between democracy and communism, which is not true, at least as far as India is concerned," said *The Indian Witness* which is published in Lucknow.

"India decided not to align herself unalterably with any power bloc in the world in order to maintain peace with her two big communist neighbors.

CENTURY CLUB

More Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. They are:

Mrs. Electa Merry, 108, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. J. M. Chalkley, 100, Doerun, Ga.
Nels Johnson, 100, Viborg, S. Dak.

Other Methodists who are 100 or older will be listed as their names are received. When making nominations, please give home address, where church membership is held, and birth date of nominee.

Russia and China, and not because she was ideologically neutral."

Although India still remains neutral toward Russia, a significant change has come about as a result of Communist China's aggression against India, the paper said. India "is drawn closer than before to the Western countries in the military sphere and relationships in this field generally have a strong influence on political connections."

United Witness to Follow Aldersgate Year Observance

A year-long evangelistic effort called "A United Witness Through a United Church" has been adopted by the Methodist Council of Evangelism. It will follow the current Aldersgate Year and will celebrate a quarter century since unification of The Methodist Church.

At its annual meeting in Ocean City, N.J., the council listed objectives of the year-long witness as:

- Study the Book of Acts to "find marching orders for our day."
- Let "the Holy Spirit baptize us in Christ."
- Offer guidance to young preachers on the power of evangelism.
- Encourage small groups for prayer, study, and witnessing.
- Challenge ministers to greater concern for people in a "bolder evangelistic expression."
- Challenge families and individuals to daily worship.
- Stress lay witnessing, with "every member a missionary."
- Undergird recruitment for the ministry.
- Share "a campus concern."
- Use the church school in winning persons.
- Establish new congregations "in the footsteps of St. Paul."

The council also urged local churches to "give an invitation to Christian discipleship at worship each Sunday."

A premiere of *Conversion Plus*—a 40-minute color film—was shown the council. The film, expected to be used widely during Aldersgate Year, tells how an advertising writer begins to meet his problems in the light of his belief.

Agencies' Duties Clarified

The Methodist Co-ordinating Council has issued a statement to clarify the fields of operation of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes and the Division of Temperance and General Welfare of the church's Board of Christian Social Concerns.

The council said that the basic responsibility of the Board of Hospitals and Homes is in the field of institutional services while the Division of Temperance and General Welfare has authority to engage in programs of

research, education, and action in many fields of Christian social concerns, including mental health and medical care and problems associated with the aging.

"It is clear to us," said the council, "that the basic responsibility of the board (of Hospitals and Homes) is to advise, assist, and promote Methodist hospitals, homes for the aged, homes for children, and homes for youth, of which there are now more than 225 and an urgent need for many others. These are institutional responsibilities.

"In the course of discharging such institutional duties, the board inescapably becomes involved in research and programs concerned with medical care and related problems of the aged. However, the *Discipline* does not delegate these responsibilities, at large, to the board."

Amendment's Defeat Official

The Methodist Council of Bishops in reviewing balloting returns on Amendment XII has officially declared it defeated.

The amendment, which needed a two thirds vote majority to pass, lacked 719 votes. The total vote at the time of the council's review was 16,211 for the amendment and 9,184 against.

Although 16 overseas conferences had not voted, the amendment still would not pass if they voted unanimously for it.

Finnish Church Dedicated

A new Methodist church in Lovisa, Finland, has been dedicated by Methodist Bishop Odd Hagen of the Northern Europe Area.

Bishop Hagen said, "People should experience the church from within and provide their longing to meet with God. The exterior often receives great attention while the interior is often forgotten."

Breakthru Needs More Funds

A new drama has just been filmed in the second series of *Breakthru*. The Methodist-produced television dramas are being made as funds become available.

A total of \$415,000 is needed this year to produce the second series of *Breakthru* programs. This is an increase of \$125,000 over last year.

The Haunted House is the third drama in *Breakthru's* second series. It deals with the subject "the need for authority."

Develop New X-ray Technique

Radiologists at Methodist-related Chicago Wesley Memorial Hospital, in Chicago, Ill., have developed a revolutionary new technique of X-ray visualization of the aorta as it passes through the chest and the abdomen.

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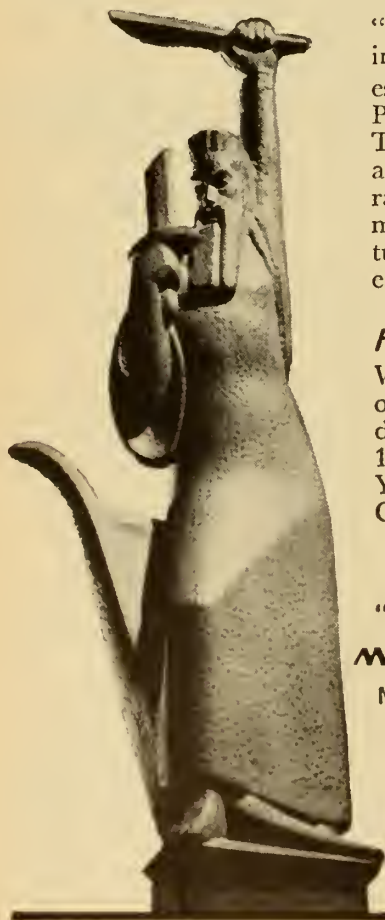
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This Business of Being Salt

By ROY L. SMITH

To be the salt of the earth demands that you become personally involved in stopping social decay—such as alcoholism.



AT THE TIME that Jesus warned his disciples that they were to be "the salt of the earth," there was nothing resembling refrigeration. (The ancients prevented food decay by salting.) Therefore, when Jesus used the word "salt" in describing the role of the Christian, he was using particularly vivid language.

It is the business of a Christian to prevent the decay of society.

Of course, Jesus had a personal salvation in mind, but it seems to have been his plan to save persons that they might save society.

Now this can be either a delightful figure of speech, or it can be a desperately serious business for every individual who calls himself a Christian. Jesus did not come demanding that we accept a set of theological beliefs as evidence of our salvation. Theology is an important matter, of course, but theological opinions not related to the life going on all about us have little to do with salvation, either for us or for society.

Every Christian must live as if he were an antidote to social decay. In Jesus' day, social decay appeared in a variety of forms, some of which are almost unknown to us. Today's society, on the other hand, is undergoing types of decay with which Jesus never came in contact. *But if any man is to be a Christian—if he is to be salt—he must have some share in stopping the decay that is eating away and ruining the life of*

the generation of which he is a part.

This means that the Christian who is really salty must be a friend of justice. Our own hope of obtaining justice fades a little every time we allow someone else to suffer injustice. It is an easy matter to come to the defense of a friend, but when our enemy, our critic, or our competitor is suffering an injustice—well, that makes a lot of difference! But does it? When Jesus called his disciples salt, did he promise they would be called to save only those of whom they approved?

Alcoholism is one of the major killers in modern America. Never, perhaps, in all our nation's history, have so many hardheaded and intelligent people been concerned about the problem. This is encouraging.

Communism, in the opinion of many of us, is the greatest political threat with which the world is confronted, and any right-minded American is alert to the destruction it promises for all those social and spiritual values we hold dear.

One of the most damning things that can be said about anyone is that he is a "fellow traveler with the Communists." But how lightly we regard the danger of being a "fellow traveler" with the liquor traffic, which is the greatest producer of debauchery in American life! The Christian who is really salty will be as gravely concerned over one as over the other.

The preacher who in 52 Sundays a

year never offers a word of warning or admonition from the pulpit serves unsalted Gospel.

This question of Christian saltiness is a very persistent and pervasive thing. It follows us into the election booth; it goes with us to the grocery store; it bobs up at the annual banquet of our trade association; it involves our child and our neighbor's child; it is present at office parties and class reunions; it mingles with legislators and occasionally a church conference.

There is another quality of salt that can hardly be ignored if we are to be entirely honest in our discipleship. *Salt, to be effective, must become intimate!*

There are those, for example, who insist in the name of "separation of state and church" that the preacher, the church-school lesson, the youth group, and the women's society never discuss decay in the body politic. But if the Church is to be an agent of redemption, it must pursue sin to its lair.

When Jesus said, "Ye are the salt of the earth," he left us with no discretion. It is the salt's saltiness that identifies it as being salt. It is the Christian's Christ-ness that identifies him as being a Christian.

This business of being salt is the Christian's first business. If he can be popular, successful, and free-wheeling, and be salty at the same time, well and good!

But at least *he must be salty!*

'Send us missionaries . . . send us teachers' is the plea of Christians eager to help push their still-young nation forward.

Late Word From the Congo

By **NEWELL S. BOOTH**

Bishop, Elisabethville Area



Bishop Booth

I HAVE just dedicated a new church in Udaku, a village in the Wembo Nyama District of the Central Congo. As I write I am still in the church. It is packed with the 200 pupils of the primary school which this church runs. Their parents and others of the community are crowded in.

The building is all too small. The people made the bricks and cut the poles needed for construction. But they had to have help to buy the roofing. From a missionary and from friends in America came \$500. With that money, the people bought all the roofing material they could. Then they erected a church as big as the roof would allow! The dedication service today was built around the

theme: "Jehovah is in this place."

This is the story of the church in the Congo! New things are being done. There is eager response on the part of the people. There is evidence and desire of working together with American Methodists and others who are friends of Africa. Facilities still are very inadequate to meet the challenge and the opportunity. But there is real consciousness of the presence of God in the movement toward the future.

I could talk in headlines about those new things that are being done in the church:

39 IN TRAINING COURSE FOR LOCAL PREACHERS AT KINDU.

ENROLLMENT SWAMPS TRADE SCHOOL AT WEMBO NYAMA.

AFRICAN PROTESTANTS HEAD ALL NORTH SANKURU HOSPITALS.

NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL OPENS DE-

SPITE LACK OF TEACHERS, BOOKS, CLASS-ROOMS.

20 IN WEMBO NYAMA SCHOOLS PLAN TO ENTER THE MINISTRY.

2,000 PREACHING PLACES IN CONGO METHODISM.

Each one of those headlines could be expanded into a whole article. But to expand on just one phase of the amazing advance of the Christian program in the Congo, real accomplishments have been achieved in providing higher education for the young people of the Congo.

The Congo Polytechnic Institute, established only last year, is well along in its accelerated program educating young adults in agriculture, home economics, and preuniversity preparation, and in providing secondary education for young women. Four Methodists are on the committee of the Congo Protestant

Missionary-pilot Paul Alexander's plane, here on a Katanga airstrip, provides transportation to remote missions outposts.





Typifying the spirit of Congo Methodism, laymen help rebuild a burned-out school at the Minga mission.

Council, now planning for the establishment of a Protestant university in 1964.

The Methodist conferences now have secondary schools operating in seven centers, three more than two years ago. Trade and home economics schools are running.

Scores of the finest young people of the church are or soon will be in Europe and America studying theology, medicine, education, social work, home economics, and industrial arts.

And yet, everywhere we have gone in the present visits which Mrs. Booth and I are making to all mission stations with Board of Missions executives from New York, we have heard the earnest requests similar to that voiced by Chief Ona Lua, head chief of the villages grouped around Wembo Nyama:

"We implore you to send us teachers from your home country to

help us raise the level of our schools and add new types of schools to help our Congo go forward."

Everywhere there are signs of the wholehearted response the people are making. Just before I dedicated the Uduku church, I spoke at an outdoor assembly of the 1,000 students in schools at Wembo Nyama, then preached to the oldest 600 of them at a French service in the church (there was not room in the church for all 1,000).

Never have there been so many students in our mission schools; enrollments have jumped in primary schools, junior and senior high schools, trade schools, and in nurses' training programs. A student spokesman at Wembo Nyama told our group:

"We shall never fail to give thanks for the efforts you have given day and night to help our church and schools march forward."

I told them that their work was both a miracle and an heroic achievement: a miracle that in spite of national chaos, economic collapse, and communications failure, the schools have gone steadily ahead; and heroic on the part of the teachers who have stayed at their tasks months without salary even as their colleagues in the Congo's other educational systems were on strike because of lack of pay.

But the most important story is told not in numbers but in attitudes. I had to tell the congregation of the Congo's huge mother church in Elisabethville that they were going to lose their pastor because he had been granted a scholarship for advanced study. Until next conference time we were obliged to make provisional arrangements for leadership in the church. I really walked in the clouds going home from the meeting of the quarterly conference. Those

What's Behind the Congo Turmoil?

THE CONGO was unexplored until about 100 years ago. Then, in the 1880s, explorer Henry Stanley founded the Congo Free State for Belgian King Leopold II. It became a colony, the Belgian Congo, in 1908.

The Congo today is one third the size of the United States. Half of it is jungle or dense forest. It is rich in diamonds, copper, uranium, tin, cobalt, rubber, quinine, coffee, palm oil, and cotton.

The 13,984,000 inhabitants (115,000 Europeans) are spread over 6 provinces, including the controversial Katanga. Most Congolese are of Bantu stock, but many are pygmies. There are about a dozen major tribes and upward of 100 minor ones.

French is the official language, but four tribal languages are spoken widely, and three other African languages are used in the schools.

Belgium established order, and it created tens of thousands of mining, factory, and office jobs, so that many Congolese lived far better than the people in independent African countries.

But Belgium neglected to train a professional and political elite. In 1960, there were only a handful of African lawyers, doctors, technicians, teachers, and administrators.

Independence on June 30, 1960, saw more than 100 political parties (5 major ones) and less than a dozen prominent leaders. Among the outstanding personalities were Moïse Tshombe, president of Katanga Province (capital: Elisabethville), and Jason Sendwe, now vice premier of the Republic of the Congo (capital: Léopoldville)—both devout Methodists who were chums at Methodist mission schools.

Patrice Lumumba, suspected of Russian sympathies, for a while gained control of the Central Government, but was ousted in a coup. After months of shifting alignments, labor leader Cyrille Adoula emerged as premier, backed by the United Nations.

Recent political tension has hinged on the choice between a strong federal government and a loose federation. Wealthy Katanga Province had sought

autonomy, because Tshombe said the Congo is too vast, unwieldy, and underdeveloped to be centrally administered. He wanted to use Katanga's mineral wealth for the benefit of his own people, instead of diverting much of it to the Central Government in Léopoldville.

Some say the Central Government's economy would be stable were it not for maladministration and corruption. For example, the parliament gave itself a 600-percent pay raise, while schoolteachers have been payless for months. And many deputies are seeing the world at public expense.

In religion, one third of the once-animistic Congolese now are Christians, 2 million of them Protestants. The latter maintain about half the schools. In 1952, there were 984,689 Africans enrolled in 26,540 schools; today, as Bishop Booth describes in the accompanying article, enrollments in church-run schools are booming as knowledge-hungry Africans strive to better themselves by education.

—HERBERT E. LANGENDORFF

lay men and women offered marvelous co-operation and personal services to help their district superintendent in the emergency. And I had the same overwhelming response from ministers when one of the district superintendents went on scholarship.

This close, binding fellowship within the church is all the more miraculous in the midst of centuries-old tribal and even clan animosities. We felt it at a dinner of church workers and lay members at the Christian Social Center in Kindu. People of many clans in the midst of tremendous tensions met in relaxed comradeship.

It was apparent, too, at a banquet in the Woman's Division residence at Katako Kombe, where 40 African church leaders gathered to honor the seven of us who were visiting and two outstanding Congolese government leaders who are strong laymen in the church. (I was interested to find out that both of them were students in the mission school at Wembo Nyama when I first visited there in 1945.)

That same banquet showed

another phase of the response. For the first time at such an occasion, women were present in equal numbers with the male leaders. They took part not only in the preparation of the meal but also in speeches, comments, and conversation. Women everywhere in the Congo are assuming real responsibilities in the work of the church. Today they are effective members of the administrative councils in all Methodist districts.

Perhaps the finest response of all is the sense of oneness in the church which makes even more true what I said in a newsletter last May:

"Unity in Africa will come more from this experience in the church than it will come from political negotiations."

As has happened so often elsewhere, people united in the bond of Christian fellowship have helped hold the nation together. Many times the only bond between groups has been the life together within the church of Christ in the Congo.

There is clear recognition by all Congolese that they need help from their fellow Christians in America

and Europe. As they said at one station, "The cry of our hearts is, 'Send us missionaries!'" As we were leaving, they called out, "Do not forget."

We have not been permitted to forget. The cry is repeated over and over. One statement, prepared by the school director at Tunda, said:

"We ardently wish that, in working elbow to elbow and in a spirit of the closest collaboration, the Congolese and their councilors of goodwill, moved by the same ideal, may make of this country a nation great and prosperous. Without the aid of our missionaries, the Congo can but recede."

The Congolese have been willing to try projects and programs way beyond their experience. Sometimes the results have discouraged us, even made us disgusted—as it has them, too.

One spokesman we encountered on this trip said:

"We are ashamed of some of the things that have happened, but do not lose confidence in us. 'Dig again in the garden.' Send us more

workers, and we shall look ahead together."

There are specific needs—multiplied many times. We stopped in the village of Onema Dyongo. What a welcome we were given under a great tree in the center of an ordered and clean town! The children gathered around and sang. Then the chief spoke to me in Swahili. He said, "All the chiefs around here want to have a regional primary school here in my village." (They had only the first two grades, and to attend the nearest third grade their children had to walk more than 20 miles.)

The chief went on: "We will cut poles and grass and build classrooms and houses for the teachers. They shall have land for their gardens. Help us to have a school. Send us teachers and supplies."

Another community, the one 20 miles on, wants to be part of the project in the next quadrennium to build permanent churches. They promise to make bricks and do the building, but they must have materials for a roof big enough to cover their walls!

So it goes. Dedicated Congolese Christians ask their friends overseas to work with them to make the church a real force in the life of the Congo—to send missionary workers and funds.

But they need more. The church has been vital all these years and shall continue to be, but to grow it must have a climate of peace and order and political stability. There must be economic recovery and the development of communications and industry. These, too, are part of the help that the people need from the Christians of the world. For the life of the nations of the world, there is mutual responsibility.

The Congolese not only seek help they also are ready to give it. They know that there are those who are in worse straits.

The Southern Congo Conference was appalled at what had been done to the Christian leaders in neighbor-

ing Angola [see *Special Report on Angola*, February, 1962, page 14]. They voted to have a special missionary offering on Reformation Day and split it three ways. One third would go to help establish Christian worship and education in a strife-torn region of their country. One third would send workers to an abandoned section on the borders of the province. And the final third would be used for the Angola people—either within that country, if possible, or for the refugees who have fled to the Congo for safety.

There is a realization that God *is* in this place. The people know their weakness. They are looking to God that they may be instruments of his will.

For example, the reality of the essential religious character of life for the Bantu tribe has been deepened in the Christian experience. At Shinga II, a town in the Katako Kombe territory, I spoke to a packed church about faith in God as presented in the 91st Psalm. The response of the congregation was electric as we thought together that God would show the people his

salvation if they would cleave to him in love, know his name, and call upon him. The church in Congo is giving itself to doing that.

Fourteen African district superintendents! They are an impressive group. Like the apostles whom Jesus called, they have not had much preparation, but they are the stuff of which leadership is made. They have responded to responsibility and trust.

One of them left last fall for Switzerland and a year of study. The young preacher appointed in his place found local political intrigue intruding itself into the church. Personal ambitions vitiated the witness of some of the workers. Tribal and subtribe animosities flared up. But he, too, has grown to match the challenge. I came from the meeting of his church's administrative council confident that a way through it all would be found.

With such dedicated Christians as these—ministers and laymen—pushing Congo Methodism forward, we face the future with confidence and with the expectation that there are even greater things to come.



*Like Christians everywhere,
Congolese at the Lodja station
pause after Sunday services
to greet their friends.*

After 24 years, their honeymoon is not over . . .

I Married a Methodist



MIDMONTH
POWWOW

Friends and counselors shouted, 'Don't do it!' because heartaches often result when young persons wed outside their own churches. But Norman Nadel, a Jew, and his Methodist sweetheart turned deaf ears to the warnings. Read this newspaperman's account of how they leaped over the hurdles to confound the prophets of doom and gain new insights into marital happiness while rearing a well-adjusted family.—EDS.

MARTHA IS A Methodist. I am a Jew. We were advised not to marry by sincere and thoughtful people with our best interests at heart. Because we were deeply in love, we married anyway.

Most of what has been written on the subject of interfaith marriages has dealt with the hazards of such a marriage, with many case histories of failures.

Martha's and my first 24 glorious years have emphasized the statistics which reveal that many interfaith marriages are happy, and are no more fraught with pitfalls than the marital union of two Methodists, two Jews, or any such pairing.¹

Martha has not led me into Methodism, nor have I convinced her that she should be Jewish. Neither of us has tried, or intends to try. Yet the life of each has been affected for the better by the religious belief, tradi-

tion, and the experience of the other.

We met in the mid-1930s at Denison University, a Baptist school in Granville, Ohio. Martha had been baptized in the Swiss Reform church, but her family later had joined the Lutheran church, and eventually the Methodist. While at Denison, she taught Baptist church school.

My mother's parents were Orthodox Jews; my father's, Conservative.² I was *Bar Mitzvah* (confirmed) in a Conservative synagogue, but over the years my family had attended a Reform temple also.

Denison was good for me. Curiosity about Judaism prompted faculty and students to ask me about my faith, which forced me to learn more about it.

Martha and I started dating in our junior year. By graduation—the most miserable day in our lives—we had accepted the advice of our elders, lay and clergy, that we stop seeing each other; it could lead only to an unhappy marriage. Many of the stu-

dents, out of their own inexperience, also voiced this opinion. (Among these were some whose marriages, within the same church, have not survived.)

We stayed apart for a bleak summer. The separation convinced us that no suffering engendered by an interfaith marriage could be half as bad as being apart. Two and a half years later we were married.

Martha's parents for a time had advised against our marrying—only because they were concerned for her happiness—but when we announced our plans, they seemed pleased.

My mother likewise was concerned about our happiness and that of any children to come—until she met Martha. My father also sized up Martha in a hurry. He said something that seems increasingly sound with the passing of years:

"Difference of religion is not the reason why marriages fail. It is only the most convenient excuse."

When a couple breaks up, neither party wants to admit being at fault. If their religious difference has been a part of their incompatibility—which easily could be the case—it conveniently relieves them of all personal blame. On the other hand, love and intelligence can sustain a marriage even against the assaults of theology, popular opinion, and prejudice.

Meanwhile, I had been learning all I could from books, clergymen, and other sources about interfaith marriage. This research turned up what seemed to me a surprising fact.

The author's family: Mark, 17; Mrs. Nadel; Arlene, 18, a university freshman; and father Norman. Son David, 20, is in the Air Force.

¹ A survey of Iowa marriage and divorce records from 1953 to 1959 revealed that all-Methodist marriages had a slightly smaller chance of survival than did marriages involving a Methodist and a non-Methodist. The success percentages were: 91.4 for all-Methodist, 92.9 for a Methodist and another Protestant.

² The three divisions of Judaism in America are Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform.



Marriage between Protestant and Jew was far less of a problem than that between Protestant and Roman Catholic. This seems to be because marriage to a Catholic imposes the strictest demands on the non-Catholic party. Protestant and Roman Catholic are both Christian faiths. Yet Judaism and Protestantism can co-exist with less friction; at least, this was the sum impression of our queries.

Judaism puts great sanctity on the married state—the whole of Gospel teaching on this subject (even Matthew 5:28) is to be found in the Talmud. The term *Kiddushin* (hallowing) applies to Jewish marriage—the hallowing of two human beings to life's holiest purposes. "He who has no wife abides without good, help, joy, blessing, or atonement. He who has no wife cannot be considered a whole man." So says the Talmud. It seems to follow from this, at least as it occurs in intermarriage, that the solidity and sanctity of marriage should prevail even above any division of theology.

We were married by neither Martha's parents' pastor nor my parents' rabbi. We selected a friend, a Baptist minister, who artfully combined Methodist and Reform Jewish ceremonies. The wedding was on secular ground.

It was predicted that: (1) Martha would convert me to Christianity; (2) I would convert her to Judaism; (3) one, or both of us, would deteriorate in our religious belief; (4) any children we might have would be disoriented, insecure, resentful, confused, and destined for unhappiness; (5) we ourselves, when "the honeymoon is over," would realize what a mess we had got into, and would harbor resentments forever.

Well, the honeymoon is not over. Marriage continues to be a radiant adventure for both of us.

From the beginning, Martha was urged to make me into a Christian. I think that if I had been without faith, Martha would have tried. But an answer she once gave serves to express the feeling of both of us:

"Norm's faith is the foundation of mine (Judaism is the basis of Christianity). I've shared mine with him, and he's shared his with me, and both of us have been enriched by this sharing."

Any member of a minority group soon realizes that he represents his group to the majority of others. This is an enriching discipline of ethical behavior that those in the majority are not so aware of. A Protestant, in a Protestant society, may behave improperly or immorally, and only he is blamed. A Jew, no matter how irreligious he may be, still is known in Christian society as a Jew. Thus, his behavior reflects not only on himself, but on all Jews.

I have had to put my best foot

also in my own religious brethren.

In recent years, Martha not only taught in the Methodist church school and operated the church library but also worked on Jewish charitable enterprises and as a storyteller for the B'nai B'rith Women's Dolls for Democracy program. She was for two years president of the board of directors of the Columbus (Ohio) Young Women's Christian Association, resigning from the board when we moved from Columbus to New York City two years ago.

Mixed Marriages.—Religious convictions should be a strong tie in marriage. Recent research has emphasized the importance of common cultural and religious backgrounds as the foundations of successful marriage. It is therefore strongly urged that each young person consider carefully before becoming engaged to anyone who does not have a similar religious background. It is important that Protestant youth discuss this problem with their ministers before it is too late. Ministers are urged to discuss with both youth and parents the likelihood of failure in mixed marriages.

—Methodist Discipline, Par. 2021.3b

forward—to learn more about my religion, and to behave in a manner to reflect favorably on it.

Social pressures, however, were only a minor influence on our spiritual development. Martha had a taste of the minority situation while we lived in Brooklyn for about a year. Our apartment was in a neighborhood where Jews far outnumber Protestants and Roman Catholics. Martha was received affectionately. She also experienced, in a cordial and friendly situation, the same feelings I'd known in a predominantly Christian society. She felt that the neighborhood's opinion of Christians had become her responsibility. Christianity fared handsomely.

All this time, we learned from each other. We reaffirmed the knowledge that ethically Christianity and Judaism are the same.

In my growing regard for Christianity, I became the more indignant when it was abused—as by commercialism of Christmas and Easter, or by shocking narrowness within the church, or by its sometimes petty intramural feuding. Seeing these flaws in her group, I noticed them

My involvement with Christian church activities has ranged from waiting table and helping to lay a tile floor to telling an original Christmas story at children's services for several years (a different story each Christmas).

After seeing and writing about Archibald McLeish's drama *J. B.*, which parallels the Book of Job, I was asked to discuss it from the pulpit on Sunday mornings. One engagement led to another, and in one season I delivered about 15 sermons in Methodist and Presbyterian churches, and spoke at a Catholic college and a Mormon university.

I also taught a course on "Christ and the Fine Arts" for college-age men and women at a Columbus Methodist church. All this has been without sacrifice of my Jewish identity, just as Martha's work has been as a devout and practicing Christian.

We hope that the manner in which we try to live has increased understanding among Christians and Jews with whom we come in contact.

Our two sons (ages 17 and 20) and our daughter (18) seem to count their exposure to two great religions

a special blessing. They seem happy, well-adjusted, and open-minded.

We have tried to give them this kind of awareness:

That either Christianity or Judaism is a faith and an ethical code by which any man or woman can live a rich and rewarding life.

That God is accessible through either—or, for that matter, without either. Christians and Jews are not

the only potentially godly people on earth.

That a choice, which is almost inevitable for them, should be welcomed as an enlightened opportunity, not as an anguished contest.

That whatever they choose—Methodism, Judaism, or Lutheranism, Unitarianism, Catholicism, Hinduism, or whatever—they should live according to its precepts.

It will shock some persons if we say that it does not matter which faith each of the three children eventually adopts. We think we know by what moral precepts they will try to live. If they succeed, regardless of the church or synagogue they attend, they will have met the standards of good Christians and good Jews.

As parents, we cannot ask for more.

Why the Marriage Escaped the Rocks

An Analysis by a Counselor in Marital Problems

By DAVID R. MACE

INVITED to comment on the marriage of Norman and Martha Nadel, I shall register my reactions spontaneously, just as if I were taking part in a marriage counseling case.

I notice straight away that both of these young persons came from families in which flexibility and tolerance were practiced. Martha's family had belonged successively to three somewhat different Protestant denominations—suggesting a lack of rigidity, and a probable willingness to choose a spiritual home without too much regard for doctrinal or ritual differences.

Norman's parents, also, had been attached successively to Jewish congregations representing all three of the major divisions of American Judaism. Norman himself had shown that he was free from prejudice by seriously and sympathetically studying the Christian religion, yet without losing his pride in his own faith.

The circumstances of their courtship gave these two young persons a good chance to test out their compatibility. For a period of at least a year, they were together in the congenial atmosphere of a small college campus.

Their willingness to be parted, against the strong pull of their own feelings, showed that they were mature enough to be objective even when it really hurt. They had what we call "determined idealism"—enough even to forego what they

most wanted under the persuasion of what they felt at the time to be convincing arguments.

If the relationship between Norman and Martha had been shallow and superficial, that would have been the end. A summer of separation, with each engaged in unconnected activities, would have dissipated a mere late adolescent infatuation.

So they came together again, doubts dispelled. But they did not marry immediately. In two and a half years of further testing of the relationship, it became clear to them both that they enjoyed a really deep communion of heart and mind.

This fact had become apparent also to their parents, who handled the whole situation in a mature way. Fortunately, Norman's parents had taken to Martha at once.

Norman expresses surprise that Protestant-Jewish marriages show up

well in the studies. This is unexpected until we remember that the Roman Catholic Church is often rigid, dogmatic, and authoritarian in its attempt to control the marriages of its members, in a way that the two other groups in general are not. And, as he explains, the strong Jewish emphasis on warmth and affection in family life is also an important asset. Interfaith marriages involving a Roman Catholic seem more likely than most other types to flounder.

Norman and Martha started their marriage right. Their agreement to have the ceremony on neutral ground showed their willingness to make concessions on both sides. (Notice that this kind of compromise would have been impossible, without serious consequences, if a Roman Catholic had been involved.) This first act of generous yielding on the part of both probably set the pattern of flexible adaptation, based on mutual respect, for the solution of all later differences between the couple. This is shown again in the refusal of both to put pressure on the other by any attempt to proselytize. (Again, this would have been impossible for a practicing Roman Catholic, who usually must sign a pledge to make every effort to convert the non-Catholic partner.)

Since Norman and Martha were able to respect the sincerity of each other's faith, the need for each even to consider giving up the practice of religion was removed. One recent study has revealed that religious conflict is often resolved by the abandoning of church allegiance. But



Dr. Mace is executive director, the American Association of Marriage Counselors, Inc.

here, there *was* no conflict. Religion was so real and meaningful to each that, instead of trying to undermine each other's spiritual life, they were able to find common ground.

After all, what a vast amount of common ground there *is* between two persons who have a deep and sincere faith in God (in terms of personal experience rather than of theological formulation), as contrasted with two individuals, one of whom lives close to God and the other finds no place for him in daily life. True religion, personally experienced as living faith, unites and does not divide. I have found that to be true over and over again. It is when the emphasis is on creed and formulation that division and conflict arise.

Remember the sublime story of the four wartime chaplains—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—who went down together with their sinking ship. They were linked in purpose because they believed they were going into the presence of the one true God—not of mutually exclusive Gods. In such a moment of profound crisis, theological differences became irrelevant.

Of course, it's hard to live day by day at that level. But some persons can do it; and for them, the power of their experience unites them in a bond which cannot be severed by differences in the way they happen to interpret their experience. This is why, as I have found, an interfaith marriage is more likely to succeed for couples whose personal religious experience is deep and strong. Persons who have not achieved the inward love and peace of true religious faith are more likely to be concerned with the outward forms—and it is from these, nearly always, that the stresses and strains arise.

Norman's religion has actually become *more* meaningful to him since his marriage. If Martha had treated his religion with scorn or derision, he might, in an effort to maintain a peaceful relationship with her, have relegated it to a remote part of his life. But when she defended his right to his faith, he was challenged by her magnanimity to take it more seriously and be a better witness. Her creative attitude to his faith brought forth in him a correspondingly creative response. When they lived in a Jewish community, Martha also was

warmly received; and this in turn generated in her a desire to show her Jewish friends what it meant to be a Christian—an endeavor in which she was highly successful.

Notice that they had both thus turned a potentially destructive situation into a constructive one. Each one, in moving as an outsider into each other's ingroup, managed to win acceptance and respect, both as a person and as a representative of an alien faith. Too often, it is the reverse that happens.

These two also were able to build on what they had in common. The ethical principles of all the great religions are very similar. Norman and Martha practiced love, goodwill, and service in their home, in their own religious groups, and in some limited but highly fruitful participation in each other's religious groups. Norman was invited to speak to Catholics and Mormons because he found common ground with them in their interest in the message of the Book of Job. He was even able to approach Christological material through art appreciation, without compromising his faith.

An interfaith marriage of this kind can serve a highly creative purpose in clearing away misunderstandings and promoting goodwill between two different religious groups. The differences remain, but a contribution has been made to the unity in action and witness of those who believe in God, in a world where many have no faith at all. From God's point of view, which is more important: that those whose intellectual perception of him differs should clear up their differences, or that they together should manifest his love and power to those in whose lives he is not recognized at all?

What about the children of this marriage? Here I would have been glad for more information. Just how *have* they been brought up? To attend the worship services of both faiths simultaneously, or alternately? It would seem that the goal of the parents has been to give them a deep personal awareness of God, and to show them that he can be found in either faith. Only time will reveal the result. But at least their children have been exposed to two forms of genuine personal religion, and given a living demonstration of religious tolerance

in the daily life of their home. This seems to me to be a better equipment for living than many children receive.

Now let me sum up. As a marriage counselor, I find nothing in this story that is unreasonable, inconsistent, or surprising. I have never taken the view—nor has anyone else who knows the facts—that an interfaith marriage cannot succeed. What *is* true is that such marriages in general have a poorer statistical chance of succeeding than those between partners of the same faith.

In my experience, interfaith marriages that *do* succeed manifest certain favorable factors, *all of which happen to be present in this case*. The major factors are:

1. They are mature, flexible, idealistic persons whose religion is inward and personal rather than outward and institutional.

2. The parents on both sides have a good relationship to their son and daughter, and handle the situation wisely, without panic and with the desire to support the young people in a sincere search for the best way of handling a difficult situation.

3. The couple, however much they are attached to each other, shows evidence that they are genuinely willing and able to forego marriage if that really seems to be the best course.

4. There is no haste or pressure, but the couple takes plenty of time to submit their personal compatibility to a thorough testing and to rule out the possibility that they are being driven into marriage by false motivations such as infatuation, or expediency, or escapism.

5. They have the capacity and the determination to fortify their married love by treating each other with respect, consideration, understanding, and support, and by refusing to make any attempt to coerce each other.

Unfortunately, not many prospective interfaith marriages can measure up to these searching tests.

It would be unjustified, and in fact dangerous, to allow the story of these two fine persons to obscure the fact that interfaith marriage in general remains undesirable. It does demonstrate, however, that such a marriage can, under ideal conditions, turn out very happily, and can be a means of breaking down some of the barriers that have too long isolated people of differing faith from one another.



People Called Methodists / No. 28 in a Series

Harry Kuljian, Engineer:

He Builds for

Peace

“MAKE UP your mind, then work hard. It’s the only way to get there.” Harry Asdour Kuljian should know!

In 1911, Kuljian decided he wanted to be an engineer. Newly arrived in the U.S. from his native Turkish Armenia, he was 16—and virtually penniless. Working his way as a short-order cook and an elevator operator, the young immigrant finished high school in 1914 and in 1919 completed both the electrical and mechanical engineering curricula at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After getting sufficient experience with several major corporations, he launched his own small firm of consulting engineers in 1930.

Kuljian Corporation today has branches in nine foreign countries, and from its drawing boards have come plans for projects representing more than a billion dollars invested on four continents. The firm’s specialty is design, construction management, and operation of electric-power generating stations—essential first steps for industrial growth. It also has helped build churches, schools, airports, irrigation systems, and factories.

But Harry Kuljian’s interests overseas are not confined to the steel, brick, and mortar of power stations and factories. Even more vital is his concern for people—especially aspiring youth. Each year his company provides 47 scholarships for foreign students and practicing engineers to study in U.S. universities and get practical experience in the Kuljian home office. Many go home to jobs in the company’s branches, where the Kuljian concept of “partnerships in technology” means increasing control and responsibility. Kuljian Corp. of India employs more than 100 Indian engineers in its Calcutta office. Kuljian has turned over 51 percent ownership to his Indian proteges. Ultimately they will own 75 percent.



AN ABLE ADMINISTRATOR as well as a respected engineer, Harry Kuljian conducts his own technical-assistance program by aiding talented foreign students who study at U.S. universities and in the home office of his consulting engineering firm in Philadelphia. In the photo at far left, he examines plans for a new project with Indian students Sundaram Naray Anan and Ashish Bhaumik. Striding briskly along Philadelphia's Broad Street (center photo), he heads for a Union League Club lunch with two associates. Kuljian holds 28 patents on rayon processing machinery (right photo) cutting production time from 4 days to less than 3 minutes.



GLOBE-CIRCLING TRAVEL has become commonplace to Mr. Kuljian. After 22 trips around the world and 10 more to India and back, he rises only 15 minutes earlier than usual to pack: two suits and an extra pair of shoes to wear in case of muddy field conditions. Pictured above at the North Bangkok Thermal Power Station in Thailand, he confers with Thomas Neih, who is project superintendent for Kuljian Corporation.



He Builds for Peace (Continued)

VIGOROUS and ebullient at 68, Harry Kuljian, an Armenian, has come a long way from the village Aintab where he was born to the well-heeled Philadelphia suburb he now calls home. An important intervening event was his marriage in 1922 to Alice Levonian, a childhood friend in Armenia. They are parents of three children: Arthur and Edward, both now associated with their father's business, and Florence, whose husband, Hilton A. Levonian, also is in the firm. There are seven grandchildren.

Between jet trips to points around the globe, he enjoys more mundane pursuits. A primary interest last summer was his backyard vegetable plot of tomatoes, green peppers, chard, and string beans—and a losing battle with hungry rabbits.

Respected in both professional and civic circles, Kuljian is a fellow of American Society of Mechanical Engineers and American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He is a member of the Philadelphia Board of Health. At Bala-Cynwyd Methodist Church where he has served on the official board, fellow members agree he is appropriately dubbed "our world citizen."

AT HOME IN THE WESTERN Philadelphia suburb of Bala-Cynwyd, the Kuljians, Harry and Alice, enjoy both the luxurious and the ordinary. Their collection of carved ivory (top right) includes valued pieces personally collected around the world. The garden (below) yields vegetables and frustrations in roughly equal amounts. Grandson Donald Levonian (lower right) shares his grandfather's gardening instincts, displaying here a watermelon seed sprouted in a paper cup and other seedlings potted in an old egg carton.





*Supported by a gnarly pine cane,
she rarely missed a day at the construction site.*

The Woman Who Gave Too Much to God

By HERBERT E. RICHARDS

Pastor, First Methodist Church, Boise, Idaho

VISITORS TO Boise, the capital city of Idaho, soon find their gaze drawn to the glistening spire thrusting skyward from a beautiful new Gothic church nestled in a wooded valley beneath snowcapped Schaefer's Mountain. Here, at the Cathedral of the Rockies (First Methodist Church) transpired one of the most amazing and inspiring stories of my years in the ministry.

The story begins one night five years ago when I sat down with the

building committee of our church to tally pledges for the new sanctuary and church school. The results were indeed heartening; donations ranged from substantial checks from those to whom much had been given down to pennies from the kindergarten class. It was an outpouring of gifts from people captured by the vision of what now is surely one of the most beautiful churches in America. Our financial chairman held up a pledge card signed in a shaky hand:

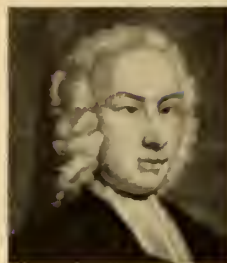
ELOQUENT GEORGE WHITEFIELD

By ROY L. SMITH

Widely known Methodist minister,
author, editor, and traveler.

NO. 6 in a series on

OUR METHODIST HERITAGE



George Whitefield

"DOCTOR SQUINTUM" was the nickname detractors gave to George Whitefield (pronounced *Whit-field*). His dark blue eyes were small and deep set, and the left was crossed.

His complexion and hair were fair. Like many 18th-century preachers, he usually wore a large, white wig when in the pulpit. As a young man he was slender, but toward the close of his career he became a trifle portly. Always he was graceful in movement, dignified in manner, and remarkably neat.

Contemporary writers always noted such details, then reported with awe and amazement on his preaching. There was magic in the man's voice, words, and pulpit personality. In all the annals of the Methodist movement, in England and in America, no preacher is so remembered for his eloquence.

Whitefield's boyhood gave little hint of his future. Born on December 16, 1714, the youngest of seven children, he was two years old when his innkeeper-father died. Eight years later, his mother remarried. At the age of 15, he was taken out of school and put to work as a menial in the family inn, where the sale of liquor was the principal business.

At age 18, George Whitefield enrolled in Oxford as a servitor—earning his way by waiting on tables. Perhaps it was because they were ridiculed that his attention was first called to an organized campus group whose members were so pious that roisterous students called them the Holy Club. Then someone dubbed them "Methodists." It was academic wit—an illusion to a society of strict physicians of Nero's time, so named because of the stern regimen they prescribed for patients.

Charles Wesley, the music-minded younger brother of John, interested George Whitefield in joining the Holy Club. Once a member, George threw himself with abandon into its activities. Prisoners in Bedford jail, near the university, were his special concern. Nowhere in all England, perhaps, was such a ministry more desperately needed. Some 200 different offenses at that time were punishable by death. The earthen floors of the prison sometimes were covered by two or three inches of water, and swarmed with vermin and rats. Bodies of deceased criminals might lie days before being removed.

Whitefield ripened fast. At age 21, he became a deacon in the Church of England because the bishop of Gloucester had been impressed by his talents. He preached his first sermon in the church where he had been baptized, St. Mary de Crypt. Folks who remembered him as a menial flocked to hear the eloquent "boy parson."

Whitefield was immediately offered appointment to several churches, but he declined. His heart was set on going to America—where three of his fellow Oxford Methodists, including John and Charles Wesley, were helping General Oglethorpe establish a model colony in Georgia. While he waited to sail, he preached in prominent churches in London, Bristol, and Gloucester. We read that throngs overflowed the churches and jammed the surrounding streets, clamoring to hear the young man. His reputation was flourishing before he left England.

What part of his eloquence was natural, what part was art, no one can say. But David Garrick, the immortal actor, once declared he would give 100 guineas if only he could pronounce the word "oh" as movingly as did Whitefield. Garrick went repeatedly to listen in awe, hearing one sermon 40 times.

Whitefield's preaching was not characterized by logic or depth, as Benjamin Franklin noted. But he had a magnetism, a melodious voice, and histrionics that swayed the multitudes. Generally, he spoke without notes, frequently gesturing with Bible held aloft.

Whenever Whitefield preached in Philadelphia, Franklin usually was there. But at first he was a scoffer. Let him tell how he changed his mind:

"I happened soon after [the evangelist's arrival in 1739] to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection; and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

Whitefield made seven trips to America, his reputation as a preacher steadily becoming more prodigious. In the new world, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches quite generally welcomed him to their pulpits. In England, it was different. His friendship for Dissenters and his disturbing sermons aroused the antagonism of the clergy, so churches were closed to him, as they were to most Methodists.

Then George Whitefield did something that made

history for Methodism—but scandalized John Wesley. He simply did as Christ had done by the shores of Galilee; on February 17, 1739, near the city of Bristol, Whitefield preached in the open air! Wesley, who had been reared in the High Church tradition, thought it almost a sin, as he later admitted, to save souls outside a church. But he was so impressed by Whitefield's effectiveness with callous coal miners that two months later the founder of Methodism, himself, was preaching in the fields.

Whitefield's preaching ministry lasted 34 years. Scholars estimated that he preached to more than 10 million persons in the open air. Suited to the task, Franklin once semiscientifically computed 30,000 people to be listening without strain. One observer declared Whitefield could be heard a mile—two when he sang! His voice had a bell-like resonance, with a range from a dulcet whisper to a lion's roar.

George Whitefield arrived in the American colonies just in time to become a leader in the so-called Great Awakening, which had been set off by Jonathan Edwards in Massachusetts in 1734. This was one of the most memorable revivals of all times, with thousands of converts. It was undenominational—ecumenical, to use a word now in fashion—but with Congregational and Presbyterian influence dominant. Shortly before the Revolution, 20 Boston pastors claimed Whitefield as their spiritual pastor, and he is said to have founded 150 Congregational churches.

Why didn't Whitefield start Methodist societies in America, as he did in England, and thus he, not Francis Asbury, would have become known as the principal founder of Methodism in the USA?

A good question, that, as the accompanying subfeature brings out sharply. But the simple facts are that Whitefield was so welcomed to pulpits in the American colonies he had little reason to start Methodist societies. Besides, as church historians so unanimously assert, Whitefield was a preacher—not an organizer as was John Wesley.

In spite of his complete dedication and spiritual sincerity, George Whitefield was an assembly of contradictions. He abhorred drunkenness and preached against it with all the flaming power of which he was capable; but on at least one occasion he took with him to America two hogsheads of "fine white wine" for the "benefit" of his parishioners.

Although the slavery issue was being discussed widely while he preached in England, he did not raise his voice against it. He accepted and purchased slaves to work at his Georgia orphanage and on December 6, 1748, wrote a letter in favor of legal slavery in that southern colony.

He was changeable and probably not an easy man to work with. When the Moravians found themselves unable to remain in Georgia because they refused to bear arms during a threatened war, Whitefield magnanimously let these German refugees use the sloop *Savannah* for passage to Philadelphia.

Often assaulted by mobs, as in this print, he expected to go like martyred Stephen in "bloody triumph to the immediate presence of my Master."

He then employed them to build an orphanage for Negro children, at what is now Nazareth, Pa. Because the refugees were skilled building-trades craftsmen, it looked like an excellent arrangement for all concerned. But Whitefield became involved in a theological dispute with the Moravian leader Peter Bohler and asked them to leave.

The Moravians went a few miles away, built a shelter, and dedicated it on Christmas Eve, calling it Bethlehem. When Whitefield later was overwhelmed with financial difficulties, they bought his half-finished building and completed it to serve as a home for exhausted or ill workers. Today it is Whitefield House, a home for retired missionaries with a museum and library.¹

Theologically, Whitefield is best remembered because he espoused doctrines of John Calvin—especially predestination. In this, he clashed with the No. 1 Methodist, John Wesley himself, who embraced Arminianism.²

The dispute was acrimonious on Whitefield's part for a brief period, but Wesley refused to engage in personalities. At the height of the rift, a friend asked if Wesley were going to retort to a published blast. The founder of Methodism replied simply: "You may read Whitefield against Wesley; but you shall never read Wesley against Whitefield."

Fortunately the split was soon healed. How completely is illustrated by a story of a young minister seeking Whitefield's favor by reopening the old wound:

¹ See *Our Moravian Cousins*, January, page 32, and the full-color pictorial, *Early American Paintings of the Life of Christ*, January, page 35.

² *Followers of Arminius*, the Dutch theologian, held to the doctrine of free grace—and opposed John Calvin's view that certain persons were predestined to go to heaven. See *We're All Arminians Now!* by Carl Bangs, November, 1962, page 34.



"Sir," he asked, "do you think we shall see Mr. Wesley in heaven?"

"No," Whitefield replied, "I fear we shall not; for I believe he will be so near the throne that we shall hardly get a sight of him."

Temperamentally, George Whitefield was an evangelist, a propagandist, and a master of multitudes. When he ventured into the field of administration, he seldom succeeded. The crowning burden of his life was his orphanage, Bethesda, a few miles south of Savannah, Ga. He raised large sums for its support, for he keenly remembered his own underprivileged childhood. But within a few years after his death, Bethesda was insolvent and had to close its doors. Later it was revived and exists today as Bethesda-Savannah Children's Center.

Whitefield had organized in 1739 the first Methodist philanthropic institution—a school for miners' children at Kingswood, near Bristol, in England. It disappeared however, as John Wesley's Kingswood School was launched in 1748. In America, Whitefield's passion for education made him one of the founders of the University of Pennsylvania. His statue on its campus adorns the cover of this month's *TOGETHER*. He had a part in establishing Princeton University.

Whitefield was never more at ease than when addressing the nobility or intellectuals. He belabored the aristocrats for their immorality, but they flocked to listen to him. Wesley gripped the common people, but Whitefield fascinated the upper classes.

His great and wealthy friend was pious Lady Selina, countess of Huntingdon.³ She built four chapels for Methodists, and invited England's titled folks to her mansion to hear Whitefield. The great statesman William Pitt came, and Lady Suffolk (mistress of King George II), the author Horace Walpole, the statesman and writer Lord Bolingbroke.

Once, as Whitefield described a blind man tottering on the brink of a precipice, the suave and worldly wise Lord Chesterfield jumped to his feet. "By heavens!" he exclaimed. "He's gone!"

A man to whom women—especially aristocratic women—were attracted, Whitefield never saw them with a romantic eye. While he was in America, a 25-year-old firebrand, he decided that he needed a woman's hand at his orphanage. So he dashed off a proposal to Miss Elizabeth Delamotte, daughter of a magistrate in England. Very businesslike, he outlined his idea of marital bliss (a routine existence, directed primarily toward worship), then offered himself as a husband in order to help the young lady forward in the great work of her salvation. When she spurned him, Whitefield remarked that Miss Delamotte was religiously immature.

His attitude had not changed when, on November 14, 1741, he married a widow 10 years his senior, Mrs. Elizabeth James. The marriage lasted 27 years, ending with her death in 1768. That it was not a very happy marriage was not the fault of Mrs. Whitefield. She was devoted, and she traveled with him for a while—twice westward across the Atlantic. But so wrapped up was he in his preaching that he could not spare time for

romance. He left her alone for months at a time. He also gave away all his money; had she not had a small fortune of her own, she would have been in dire want. Their only son, John, born in 1743, died of smallpox at four months.

Mrs. Whitefield had admirable qualities. Once when her husband was fearful at the approach of a mob bent on stoning him, she stood at his side, yanked a sleeve, and snapped: "George! Play the man for your God!" His courage surged back, and the mob's fury melted.

Like John Wesley, George Whitefield faced a mob's fury time and again. Once he was beaten almost to death. Enemies among the clergy and local politicians frequently incited mobs against those pioneering Methodists.

Preaching, not theology, was Whitefield's forte. A Calvinist in a sense, he thought that man's own righteousness was futile for salvation, but he believed that God would save all who had faith. This doctrine was buttressed by associations with Presbyterians and Baptists. In Scotland, his Calvinism won him wide hearing, in contrast to the poor showing made there by John Wesley. He viewed God as a wrathful judge, yet a judge who was merciful to those who accepted Jesus Christ. Preaching a Christ-centered theology, he said that only in the supreme work of Jesus Christ is there any merit for effecting man's redemption.

He preached new birth incessantly. His first printed sermon, *The Nature and Necessity of Our New Birth in Jesus Christ in Order to Salvation*, and John Wesley's initial post-conversion sermon, *Jusification by Faith*, are classed as the master truths of the Methodist revival. Truly, he preached from the heart. He was convincing because he believed what he preached.

"I had rather wear out, than rust out," Whitefield answered when he was urged to relax his pace which was exhausting vigorous men. His last rigorous tour took him up into New England. On his way from Portsmouth, N.H., to fill engagements in Boston, he stopped in Exeter, where he preached in the open for two hours. Worn out, he went on to Newburyport, where he retired shortly after supper. He was awakened by an excruciating asthmatic attack. He choked for breath through the night, and collapsed at six o'clock in the morning of September 30, 1770.

Whitefield died in the home of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, first pastor of the "Old South" First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, which the great Methodist evangelist had founded. His body rests in a crypt under the pulpit in that historic church.

When the news of Whitefield's death reached England, John Wesley had the privilege of meeting his old friend's request. He conducted memorial services in London, preaching a eulogistic sermon. And his brother, Charles, the great hymn writer of Methodism, was inspired to write:

*And is my WHITEFIELD enter'd into rest,
With sudden death, with sudden glory bless'd?
Charles Wesley went on:
He now begins, from every weight set free,
To make full trial of his ministry;
Breaks forth on every side, and runs, and flies,
Like kindling flames from the stubble rise;*

³ Her "connerzion," as it was called, was Calvinistic, and descendants tend to identify themselves more with Presbyterians than Methodists. An American Methodist college, however, at Montgomery, Ala., is named in her honor. See *Methodist Americana*, November, 1959.

Let's Start an Argument!

THE DATE 1784 marks the first formal organizing of the Methodist movement into a church. It happened *not* in England, but in America—at the Christmas Conference in 1784 in Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, Md.

That 1784 date is indisputable. But ask when Methodism came to America, and historians sputter and split into three groups:

1. *New York—1766.* John Street Church asserts that its parent society was the first. In 1866, American Methodism celebrated its “centennial.” In 1966, say New York partisans, American Methodism should mark its bicentennial.

2. *Philadelphia—1767, or maybe even 1739.* George Whitefield arrived there November 2, 1739. He preached to a vast throng on November 28. The earliest known date of a society there, founded by a Whitefield follower, is 1767. In 1769, this group formed St. George's Church.

3. *Leesburg, Va.—1766.* Robert Strawbridge evangelized early in this region. A deed book records that a lot was purchased May 11, 1766, for what is known as Old Stone Methodist Church. Strawbridge had been active in the Sam's Creek region, northwest of Baltimore, in November, 1753.

Now another contender:

4. *Lewes, Del.—1739.* This is 27 years earlier than New York. Whitefield preached in Lewis Town (as the community then was called) on October 31, 1739.

To get the question in focus, remember that Methodism began as a campus club founded at Oxford University in early 1729 by Charles Wesley. The leadership was turned over to John Wesley on his return to the university in November, 1729. Probably it was from the pious German Moravians,

whom he had met in Georgia while he was a missionary to the Indians (1736-37), that John Wesley conceived the idea of grouping his Methodists as “societies” to reform the Church of England from within. However, there already were scores of small devotional groups in England before that time.

Did Wesley organize Methodist societies in Georgia? If he did, there is not a scintilla of proof that any survived. There is a rumor-legend among the Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma that Wesley converted some of their ancestors. TOGETHER researchers are pressing inquiries on this.

Wesley returned to England in February, 1738, when his fellow Oxonian Methodist, the Rev. George Whitefield, was embarking for America. Did *he* organize Methodist societies?

Most historians are in the habit of saying that he did not. He worked with and through existing churches—Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Lutheran. Nevertheless, there are two sizable fragments of evidence that he established societies in the Methodist pattern in America.

Shred No. 1. In Philadelphia, Old St. George's Church refers to “Methides.” There is a tendency to this day among those of German or Dutch descent to speak of Methodists as “Methides.” Curious confirmation of this is in *The Coming of the New Deal*, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., quoting Franklin D. Roosevelt as saying, “I like to sing hymns with the Methodys.”

Whitefield may be said to have headquartered in Philadelphia, even building a tabernacle there. Yet no one has brought forth evidence to corroborate conclusively that a Methodist society there, started by Whitefield, actually was the nucleus for the church.

thrice a day. At Philadelphia, the churches were no longer allowed him; but he preached in the fields to congregations that consisted sometimes of near ten thousand, and with great apparent success. Large collections were made for the Orphan-house; once, not less than an hundred and ten pounds sterling. Societies for praying and singing were set on foot; and in every part of the town, many were concerned about their salvation. Some were wrought upon in a more instantaneous, others in a more progressive, some in a more silent, others in a more violent manner (i).

His role in founding societies that became churches is cited in an early Whitefield biography.

Shred No. 2. Whitefield's diary for Tuesday, October 30, 1739, records that he disembarked at Lewis Town that day and consented to preach on the following day, before proceeding to Philadelphia. His entry for October 31 is that he preached in the afternoon to “a serious and attentive congregation.”

He does not say a word about starting a society there, but the disgruntled rector of St. Peter's Anglican Church, the Rev. William Beckett, in a letter dated June 9, 1740, complained about Whitefield's activities. And in another letter dated January 2, 1741, Beckett wrote: “. . . they have set up a society in my absence . . . They . . . meet to sing Psalms and hymns twice a week . . . I cannot forbear suspecting that Whitefield and tools have laid down the schemes all over America to draw people to a dislike of our Church doctrine, Discipline, and Government.”

So the question is: Was American Methodism born in New York in 1766; at Sam's Creek in 1753; in Leesburg in 1766; in Philadelphia in 1767, or in Lewes in 1739?

Before you reach your decision, bear in mind that:

All the historical evidence may not be in. Someone, ransacking an attic, or delving into courthouse records, or re-examining archives, may discover new data and wither your conclusion.

*Where'er the ministerial Spirit leads,
From house to house, the heavenly fire he spreads
Ranges through all the city lanes and streets,
And seizes every prodigal he meets.*

George Whitefield cannot properly be called the Father of American Methodism—an honor securely wedded to the name and memory of Bishop Francis Asbury; but he did contribute indelibly to our Methodist heritage at four points:

1. *In theology*—he emphasized the sovereignty of God and the redemptive power of Jesus Christ.

2. *In church strategy*—he refreshed the concept that the Christian church should keep its sights on people, brush

aside conventional practices when necessary, and go where the people are.

3. *In social service*—he asserted that faith without fruit is dead, that churches should put into practice their concern for people and establish schools, orphanages, and other institutions to serve society.

4. *In preaching*—he, perhaps even more than John Wesley, set Methodism's tradition for powerful preaching.

Proclaiming the good news of Christianity, he beat a path to be followed years later by circuit riders from New England to Georgia, and from the Atlantic Ocean deep into the Appalachian Mountains.

Few men have faced the inevitability of death more frankly and with such triumphant faith in eternal life as this Methodist pastor, who preached this sermon a year before his death from cancer at age 36.

To My Wife on My Death

By RAY V. BLANCHARD, JR.

MY FIRST funeral was conducted the day following my wedding 11 years ago in Golden City, Mo. I carried my bride across the threshold of the parsonage, instructed her to call a neighbor to light the oil space heater, and rushed off for my appointment with the local undertaker.

Since that time I have grown in my feeling that people need guidance in understanding the Christian funeral. The problem is how to give such guidance. When death has arrived in a home, it is too late. Emotions, feelings, friends, and public opinion are too strong in those dark hours. It would do violence to the personalities involved to suggest new ideas at such a time.

It is not easy to preach about death. While the Christian understanding of death and the life everlasting is clear, ideas about funerals vary greatly because people and local customs are different. So we need some hard thinking on this matter if we hope to convey the Christian sense of triumph in a funeral, rather than unchristian despair.

Like the Apostle Paul, who in his Letters distinguished between the things he says for the Lord and things that are only his human opinion, I admit that what I have to say is my own opinion. There is no clear scriptural reference for it, nor has the church spoken clearly about it. Without further apology then, let me share with you a letter I have written to my wife on death.

Dear Ellen:

For your help when I die, I want to set down as systematically as pos-

sible some things we have discussed from time to time. Day by day, I realize more by what a slender thread life hangs. The morning news reminds us that any time an accident could bring unexpected death. So for your help at the time of my funeral, and to express the preacher complex in me, I offer these suggestions:

First, when I die call a minister, no matter what time of night or day it is, except between the hours of nine thirty and noon on Sunday morning, please. If I am fortunate enough to reach retirement age, call the minister of the church to which we belong. If death occurs sooner, call a minister friend with whom we have discussed funerals. If none is nearby, call any minister friend who is not too fond of the sound of his own well-trained voice.

Ask the minister to come to you. At his best, he will remind you in those first hours that the love of God is present. As a man, he is fallible and may not be too effective; but he will keep you conscious of the fact that the love of God is there, and will be your needed strength.

Then telephone the funeral home. Call a Christian undertaker, if you can, preferably one who consciously believes in the life everlasting and the victory of faith.

Tell the minister and the undertaker that I have died. Don't say I have "gone home" or "passed away" or use any other words that dodge the fact that death is death. In the Lazarus episode in the Fourth Gospel, Jesus told them plainly: "Lazarus is dead!" As you know, Ellen, this is a small point but the best way

to deal with death psychologically is simply to accept it. The church does a disservice when it camouflages death's finality with sweet and thoughtless words. I'll be dead, gone forever, as far as earth is concerned.

Then you will have to face the funeral. You know I have strong and unpopular views here. In one sense, the funeral makes very little difference. It is our conviction that the body is not me. There wasn't some little butterfly soul somewhere inside me that burst from the cocoon of my dead body to flutter away to God. All of me will have died. But out of death, total death, we are sure that God will raise the real me and take me to himself. It will be a miracle. I do not deserve such mercy. But God in Christ has revealed his love and way.

I believe I would have you instruct the undertaker to take the body, and cremate it as soon as possible. Have the ashes returned to you. You may scatter them in the garden, if we are here, or take them to the mountains when you vacation there. As long as the body is around, your adjustment to the fact that I really am dead will be confused.

I will not harangue about the deceptiveness of the undertaker's skill in making a body look as near alive as possible. For some people, this may seem necessary and good. For me, I want none of it. When I am through with this body, it should be gotten out of the way as soon as possible. This, I repeat, will help you face the reality of my death and come through triumphantly.

It will be easier if church mem-

bers and friends call at the house, where you are in a familiar environment. Someone will offer to come in and take over the household chores, I am sure. This will free you to receive those who come bearing their concern and support.

My funeral should not be just another teaching or preaching occasion. It should be your help and strength. This will be so because the time of death opens us in a unique way to the love of God, to his coming to us—even us—in strength and power and peace. The funeral must celebrate the victory of faith over death. On this I have staked my very life and work. Let it be the final confirmation of the truth that life's ideals ultimately triumph. Let it declare the good news of Easter morning . . . death is death, but God raises even the dead to new life. Hallelujah!

And you will know, Ellen, that my funeral also must celebrate God's acceptance of us who are not really acceptable. The forgiving quality of God's love must be stressed. But for his grace there would be nothing beyond death for me; of that I am sure. You know the other-than-public self, the less-than-best-foot-forward self. Perhaps you can say through my funeral what Martin Luther once wrote to his dying father: "Here-with I commend you to Him who loves you more than you can love yourself."

What I am trying to say is this: Let my funeral be basically and above all a service for the worship of God, a service for the praise of God. For our eternal assurance is that the Christ we know in life is the same Christ we shall know in death, and nothing can separate us from his love.

Praise God for any good memory you have of me since, as you know more than any other, "only God's grace produced any good word or work from me." In praise, you and the children and my family, if they are alive, will find the best and surest strength and help.

A brief word about the details. Have the minister plan the service. If not too out of place, perhaps it could be part of a regular morning worship service. Maybe even better would be a service held on Sunday afternoon—at the church, of course.

And use only one minister; I do

not like parades. (As Robert Burns lay dying, he suddenly remembered that a squad of ill-trained volunteer soldiers often participated in local burial services. "Don't let that awkward squad fire a salute over my grave," he ordered.) Please, Ellen, no awkward squad of preachers. Just one!

No display of flowers, either. You could suggest that people give books or hymnals to the church or contribute to a memorial fund instead of flowers. Let there be simplicity. Since a casket is not required, this should help. Lavishness at my funeral would seem phony.

Now, about the music. How very important music is! I have seen so often what the wrong music will do to sorrowful people. I would really like the organ to play something like the *Kyrie* from the *Mass in B Minor* of J. S. Bach. It's in a minor key until the very end of the first section when a great triumphant B-major chord sounds and the joy, the positive victory in Christ, is the last word.

The organist could play *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*, *Sheep May Safely Graze*, or the chorale from *Sleepers Awake!* And have the congregation sing a great hymn of victory like *O God, Our Help in Ages*

Past or *Christ the Lord Is Risen Today* or even *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. And don't let them drag. Be careful that all the music is played and sung victoriously, not with full tremolo and the pace of a dirge. No solos, please, Ellen. Maybe a triumphant anthem by the choir.

Ask the minister to read Scriptures of victory, including the last part of Romans 8. Admonish him to read them victoriously.

The Scripture lessons should be followed by the Apostle's Creed, in which all the people should join. You and God know that I have struggled with portions of that creed, but I have made my peace with it. It is a great symbol of our faith and of the church. On this occasion the "and the life everlasting. Amen." should really be proclaimed.

Let there be prayers of thankfulness and praise. I am sure the minister will include prayer for those who survive; prayer that the Holy Spirit, who is also called the Comforter, will bring you peace, strength, and courage; prayer that the people who mourn may live up to the powerfully encouraging principles of our faith.

No obituary. No poetry. And, unless it is part of the morning worship,

O Divine Master, grant that I
may not so much seek to be consoled
as to console; to be understood as to
understand; to be loved as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive; it
is in pardoning that we are pardoned
and it is in dying that we are born
to eternal life.

Prayer of St. Francis



What Is A Minister?

By NEIL WYRICK, JR.

WHAT IS A MINISTER? A minister is many things to many people. To some he is a padre dressed in black, with a clerical collar. To some he is a man in a blue suit with a Bible under his arm. To some he is all shout and no sense. To some he is theological hodgepodge four raised-pulpit-feet above the floor. To some he is a soul saver, sanctified and a little supercilious.

In reality, he may be some of these but not any of them completely, and never all of them wrapped up in one neat, easily identifiable package.

His life is dedicated to God, but he lives out his existence as man. Sometimes in this daily business of ministry he finds he is too young when the occasion demands the dignity and experience of age. With the passing of time he may feel too old when the exuberance of youth is needed.

Often he is at a loss for words while the world awaits eagerly for gems of wisdom. But in the life of every minister there comes the touch of God's hand; as he labors in the tangled shouts and clamor of the city, the quiet plow-furrowed hills of the countryside, the shifting sands of the seaside suburbs; and from this touch he gathers strength for each new day.

What is a minister? He is 104 sermons a year, 50-odd talks to any group from the PTA to the Society for the Preservation of Ancient History, telephone calls about everything from rosebuds to the rosary, and hospital, house, and hello calls till long after the shades of night have fallen.

Some days he tries to cram 26 hours into a preset 24. Other days, because he is human, he is a little lazy.

But if he is honestly called to

his task, over the long run he is a man of God dedicated to his task . . . a long line of the destitute, despondent, and dismal, a kaleidoscope of holy, haughty, or happy, but above all a host of God's creatures seeking, sometimes they are not sure what.

What is a minister? He is a leader sometimes caught up in the middle of the led. He meets the paradox of love and hate in the sanctuary of the Lord. He sees a soul saved from the brink of destruction and the next moment, it seems, he hears a man die with a curse on his lips.

He watches the seed of his sermons fall on all the types of ground about which his Lord spoke . . . and he is never quite sure of the type of ground. He misjudges, and the man who seemed as empty of faith as the night skies of the sun, finds Christ—and there is a new man. The next day a pillar of the church shatters into 1,000 pieces beneath the hammer of temptation.

The minister's heart bends under the blow, he sits and wonders, and then at the ringing of the phone says, "Mrs. Jones . . . certainly . . . I'll be glad to pick up Susan." And he tucks away, but never quite completely, another of his people's problems, looks life in the face with his own weakness, and is strengthened anew by his own faith.

What is a minister? He is a man. Sometimes he is not sure what he is himself or how well he does what he does.

The only thing he knows is that there is a job to do and somehow in a great over-all plan he has a part in it—and he thanks God for it.

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no sermon. Let's have worthy music, worthy Scripture, and prayer.

Take the children to my funeral, Ellen, no matter what their age. The youngest is now more than four. That is old enough. They need to enter into the final service and know that something is really over: that all is in God's hands, and that all is well. I am assuming that the air of victory will be so well expressed that the children will feel it.

One more word. Friends will come and try to comfort you. They will embrace you and weep a little. This will be very hard for you. As much as you are able, communicate to them the quietness, the confidence, the cheer of a heart that you let not be troubled.

Do you remember the Emily Dickinson lines?

*The Bustle in a House
The Morning after Death
Is the solemnest of industries
Enacted upon Earth—
The Sweeping up the Heart
And putting Love away
We shall not want to use again
Until Eternity.*

Maybe, too, with comforting friends or alone, you may have the grace to laugh a little. For all will truly be well at last. No more worries for your husband and his follies. No more homiletical struggles. All the pastoral and parish problems will be placed back in God's hands, where they should have been all along. All the theological questions and doubts at last clearly answered. For that, too, you may have the grace given you to smile. Knowing you, I think you will.

And when I die, as now, may the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through the same Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever, world without end. Amen.

Thine,

Ray.

(Mr. Blanchard preached this sermon at the Granville Avenue Methodist Church, Chicago, in late 1960. He died December 3, 1961.—EDITORS.

Children of the Old Testament

Photographic studies by Suné Richards

© 1962 by Alberta Rae (Suné) Richards



WE READ in the Old Testament stories of many children who, in their tender years, knew hardship, starvation, broken homes, treachery, and extreme danger. Those depicted on these pages were human children, not divine, with typical human shortcomings. But somewhere along the way, God spoke to each—and each became a leader about whom great whirlpools of human destiny revolved in ever-widening circles.

The writers of the Old Testament often describe in detail the growth and development of children whose lives are interwoven with Hebrew history. In the stories they tell, young mothers and fathers of today are reminded of the potential qualities in their own children—and see that, by God's grace, even deceit, greed, jealousy, hostility, false pride, and fear can be overcome and turned to service of the Lord.

Because children easily identify with other children, their favorite church-school stories are about the heroic children of the Bible. So it was logical that Suné Richards, the artist-photographer who gave us *The Twelve Disciples* [October, 1957, page 34] and *Women of the Bible* [December, 1958, page 35] would turn her talents to portraying these young people of long ago whose God-directed lives became glorious sagas for people then, now, and forever.

Ishmael A bowman and desert hunter, he was the son of Abraham and the slave girl Hagar. Turned out into the desert with his mother, he survived to father 12 sons, founders of 12 desert tribes. To Hebrews, he is symbolic father of all non-Hebrews.



Isaac: Symbol of all who willingly risk martyrdom, he was a child of faith born to Abraham and Sarah in their old age. When Abraham prepared to sacrifice him, as the Lord commanded, he went with his father into the forest where an altar was built and a fire prepared. Isaac

asked to be bound, "for I am young and may tremble at the sight of the knife." But the Lord stayed Abraham's hand and presented a lamb for sacrifice. Spared by this divine intervention, Isaac grew up to become a wise and peaceful leader of his tribesmen and the father of Jacob and Esau.



Jacob: Son of Isaac and Rebecca, he deceived his nearly blind father and purchased the birthright of his twin, Esau, for a mess of pottage. He dreamed of angels going up and down a ladder from heaven to earth, and later wrestled all night to a draw with an agent of God who

then blessed him and renamed him Israel—meaning “he who strives with God.” Jacob was the original Jekyll and Hyde, both bad and good. Yet God chose him to be father of the 12 sons who headed the 12 tribes of Israel, showing that God uses imperfect humans to do his will.



Joseph A favorite son, he was spoiled by his father and became a braggart and tattletale. His jealous older brothers threw him into a pit and sold him to the Ishmaelites, and he became a slave of Potiphar in Egypt. There his talent for interpreting dreams gained him favor with

the Pharaoh, and he was given an important government position which he served wisely and well. When his 11 brothers appealed for help during a famine, Joseph returned good for evil by inviting them and his father to Egypt and supplying them with food, clothing, and shelter.



Miriam: The faithful sister of baby Moses, she watched among the reeds of the Nile while her brother floated in his basket among the bulrushes. When Pharaoh's daughter found the baby, Miriam ran from her hiding place and offered to fetch a nurse. She returned

with her mother, Jochebed. Of Miriam (who also was the sister of Aaron) we hear no more until the Israelites, led by Moses, have escaped the Red Sea and the pursuing Egyptians. Referred to then as a prophetess, she danced in joyous thanksgiving for their miraculous deliverance.



Moses: There is perhaps no greater, more heroic figure in all history than this Hebrew leader who was a foundling from the waters of the Nile. Educated as an Egyptian prince, he later defied the might of that great nation when called by God to lead his people out of bond-

age and through the wilderness to the Promised Land. As prophet and priest, he erased their doubts with faith and taught them obedience to laws the Lord handed down through him. Yet when "the land of milk and honey" was in sight, Moses obeyed God and did not enter it.



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Samuel: A child given to his mother, Hannah, in answer to her prayer, he later was given up to Eli so he might better serve God as a priest and prophet. His call to serve came at night, and at first he did not recognize the voice of the Lord. A statesman on religious matters, he

also exerted great influence in governmental affairs. Against his better judgment, but because God told him to do so to satisfy popular demand, Samuel anointed Saul as the first king of Israel. Throughout his life, Samuel judged the Israelites and kept God's word before them.



David: As a small boy, he took a man's place as a herdsman. Chosen by the Lord through Samuel, this handsome youth was destined for greatness from the first. He would play on his harp when madness beset Saul, and he would kill the giant Goliath. He would flee jealous

Saul's wrath, become an outlaw, and return as king of Israel when Saul died. He would write some of the most beautiful psalms in literature. His reign during Israel's golden age later stirred anticipation of the coming of the Messiah, who was "of the house and lineage of David."

I WAS FIVE years old before I knew that "the everlasting arms" talked about in the Bible belonged to the Lord and not to my father. Every morning after breakfast, Dad would read aloud out of the King James Version to my mother, my brother Ike (who was two at the time), and to me; and while many of the words didn't mean a thing to me, I loved the organ music of the great phrases rolling out from Dad's voice. And the verse I liked best was: "The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms. . . ."

I knew exactly how those arms felt. Often my parents had to take me with them to Sunday-night service because my dad was the preacher and my mother sang in the choir. Wrapped in a blanket, I was parked on two chairs turned seat to seat in the dark Sunday-school room, and told to "Go to sleep now, Susie." At first I'd be terrified, for it was as black in there as the inside of my mitten, but pretty soon I'd hear the choir begin, *Rock of ages, cleft for me*, and the organ would grow and grow till its booming bass notes shook my chair-bed; and by the time they got to *Hiding in Thee*, I'd be asleep. After church I'd only half wake up when Dad came for me, enough to feel his strong arms slide under me gently, to sense who he was, to feel his rough coat against my cheek, his heart beating, strong and sure, under my ear.

"Bless her, she slept right through. Do you think this blanket is enough for her, Sugar?" he'd ask my mother. And then the everlasting arms would carry me home.

I also knew that the Lord lived in the attic in our house because Dad always looked up that way when he and Mother talked to him, which they did often. Whenever anything went wrong at home or at the church, such as the organist having a fight with the soprano, we'd all kneel down and "talk to the Lord about it." (Even today when the congregation begins, "Our Father," I can see in my mind's eye the little cane-seated chair that I knelt at.) But peek as I might, I never could seem to catch even a glimpse of the Lord. When I sneaked up to the attic to look, there was only dust, trunks, and a lot of broken-down, old furniture. I wasn't at all scared

From the eye to the begonia plant, from the everlasting arms to the flinger-out of stars—and in the end, God.

What Does GOD Look Like?

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER

of him until I heard about his *eye*.

My Sunday-school teacher in kindergarten showed me the *eye* on a card. It was so big it took up almost the whole card, with long, funny rays running out from it; and underneath it said, "Thou, God, seest me." He saw everything bad we did and we better watch out, the teacher warned, for he could see us even when we were asleep! The thought of God standing there glaring at me all night terrified me so that I went home howling at the top of my lungs. Dad was very angry with the Sunday-school teacher when I told him what was the matter. "What *does* God look like, then?" I demanded, shivering.

"Look here, Susie." Dad picked me up, wiped my nose, and carried me over to the bay window where Mother's Christmas begonia was a mass of drooping soft, pink flowers with shiny dark-green leaves. "'Whatsoever things are lovely . . . ' that's how the Lord is," Dad said. "Look at those lovely pink blossoms. Why do you think they grow that way? Because God is in them."

So now God wasn't an *eye*, but a begonia plant. It was very confusing. But I knew what church I belonged to, all right. Mother took me with her when she went down to Fort

Worth, Texas, to find my baby brother at my grandmother's where the angels had left him. ("Aren't there any angels in Boston?" I demanded.) My Texas cousins made fun of the way I talked putting an *r* on "saw" and calling a horse a "hoss" like a Yankee. They'd never quite forgiven my parents for staying up North when Dad went there to study at the theological school. So they said to me, disapprovingly, "So you're a little Bostonian, Susie!"

"Oh, no," I said, beaming. "I'm a Methodist!"

But I'd just as soon have left my baby brother Ike in Texas, for he proved an awful pest. He was large, healthy, entirely bald except for three hairs, and he had a gooey wet smile that made people cry, "What a darling baby!" and after we got home, the Ladies' Aid held him instead of me on their laps. As soon as he could crawl, he was a cannibal; and by the time he was two, I had hardly a toy left without teeth marks, or a doll with all its limbs. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I gave Ike to the milkman. "Take him," I said, hoisting Ike up among the rattly milk bottles. "We don't want a baby any more." The milkman thought it was such a good joke that he took Ike with him on his rounds,

but unfortunately Mother missed Ike and had hysterics because she wouldn't believe me when I told her I'd given him to the milkman. She had the police tearing around before Ike was delivered back, safe and sound, with the cream.

My dad decided he'd cure this awful jealousy of mine by showing me a little attention, so he took me with him one night to prayer meeting. But he certainly hadn't expected me to testify. I was still so small that when I stood up he couldn't see my head over the top of the chair in front of me; all he heard was a piping voice insisting, "I could be a Christian, if it wasn't for Isaac!" A gale of laughter swept over the prayer-meeting room, but Dad did not fail me; he understood how serious it was.

"We all have our Isaacs," Dad said solemnly.

As I read books on child training now, I see that Ike and I should have turned out to be either juvenile delinquents or gibbering idiots, for we were brought up on a narrow Puritan creed full of shudders for the modern psychologist with his startling array of things you mustn't repress or a complex will pop out. When Ike took money out of the missionary box, he was spanked till

he couldn't sit down for hours. And certainly when I told a lie it was not called "a budding imagination"! It was "an abomination unto the Lord."

Sundays were horribly brittle days because there were so many ways of "breaking the Sabbath." We PKs (preacher's kids) couldn't play games, read our everyday fairy books, not even go to another church so far away that it involved taking a streetcar, for that would make the conductor and motorman work and break the Fourth Commandment. I used to stand in our Methodist yard looking sadly over the fence at the next-door children with whom we played happily on weekdays, and who were having such a wonderful time playing tag, and I'd wonder how they got away with it.

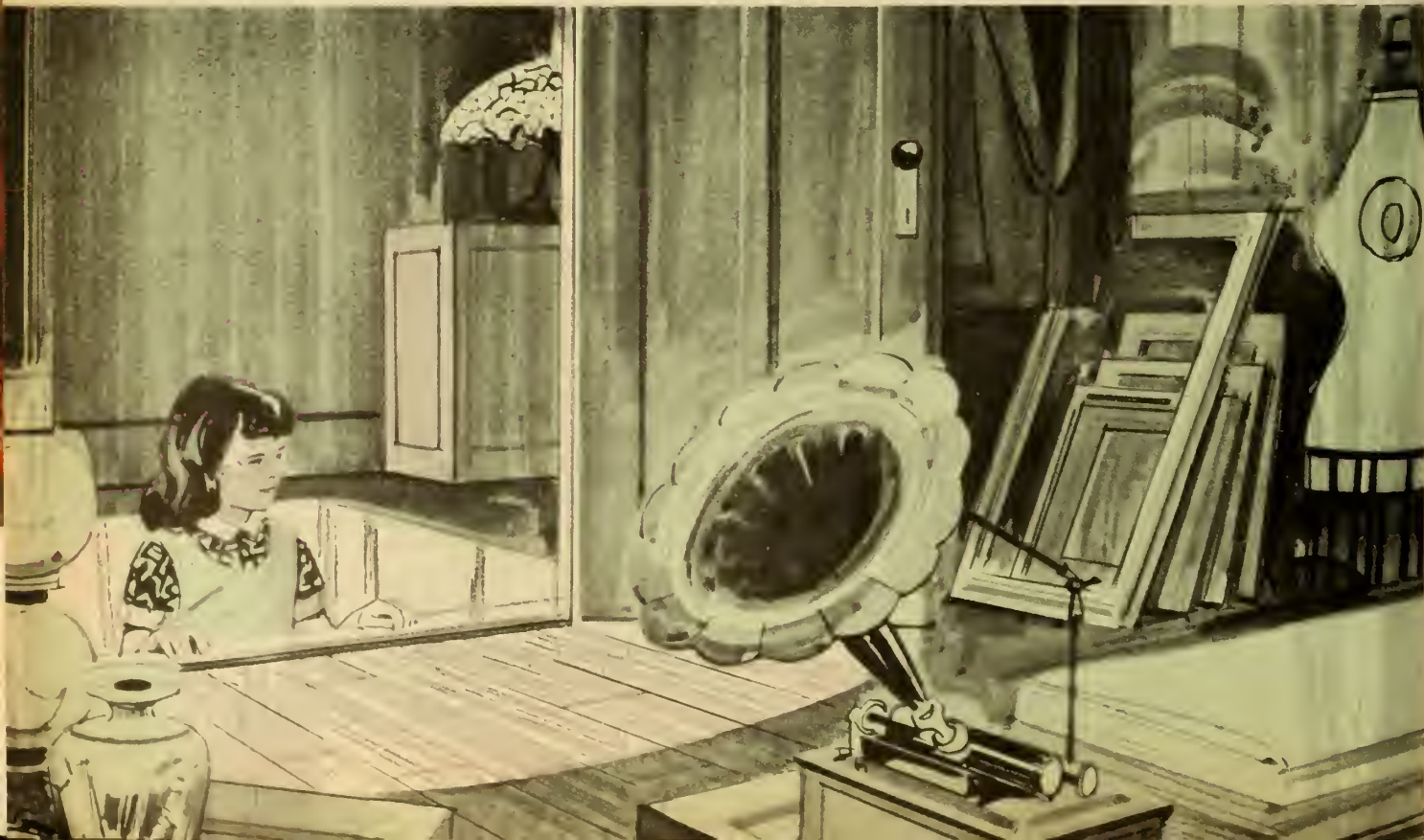
But there were compensations: we did have our "Sunday" book, full of splendidly gory illustrations. Being a Bible storybook fumigated it of all wrong, and we loved the large brightly colored pictures of David killing Goliath, of Daniel patting a roaring lion on the head, of the hairy Jacob cheating his brother Esau out of his birthright in a typically Old Testament trick, and especially of Jael sitting in a tent and driving a nail through Sisera's head! Battle, spies, treachery, sudden death—our

"Sunday" book served practically the same appetites as the five o'clock children's programs do today on the radio.

But there was also the picture of Christ blessing little children. My imagination leaped to be with the Man who liked children to sit on his lap and who never said, "Hush, let someone else get a word in edgewise, will you?" as my private interpretation of the Scriptures ran. I could hear the voices in that picture of mine, feel the Lord smiling down on the little fellow pushing against his knee. "I found a nice smooth stone for my sling shot!" the little boy was saying, and the Lord answered, "That's nice. Can you hit that tree over there?" The Old Testament stories were exciting, but this Man was real, as real as my dad. Nights when the lights were turned off, I'd pretend it was me leaning against His knee. "Good night, Lord, sweet dreams," I'd say sleepily to the Almighty.

There was one nice thing about having a minister for a father: he was usually at home when you needed him. Most children know their male parent as the man who comes home tired at night and complains about all that noise, but the only time we were ever cut off from

"When I sneaked up to the attic to look, there was only dust, trunks, and . . . broken-down old furniture."



READER'S CHOICE

Grace Nies Fletcher was reared the daughter of a Methodist minister, and an orthodox, evangelical one at that! ". . . Ike and I should have turned out to be either juvenile delinquents or gibbering idiots," she writes, "for we were brought up on a narrow Puritan creed full of shudders for the modern psychologist. . . ." The warmth and humor with which Mrs. Fletcher writes reveal her to be neither delinquent nor idiot. The author of several books, her most recent is The Whole World's in His Hand [see TOGETHER, Special Books, February, page 60]. Miss Anna Nelson from Lynch, Nebr., receives our thanks and the \$25 award for first nominating this month's Reader's Choice story. Copyright, 1953, by Christian Herald. Reprinted by permission of Christian Herald and Grace Nies Fletcher.—Eds.

Dad was when he was "making his sermon." Then indeed we had to walk delicately or we'd feel Mother's hairbrush. We'd listen to Dad pacing back and forth, back and forth, making paths in the worn study carpet; then we'd hear the pound of his two fingers on his rickety typewriter; and finally when it seemed you'd burst if you didn't yell, the study door would open.

"Hi, kids, let's go for a slide!" Dad would say, adding to Mother, "You come, too, Sugar." He'd concocted a marvelous double-runner out of a couple of old sleds and a plank, upon which the whole family flew, gasping with the speed and the cold, on the silver snow on the hill out back of our house. This caused a great deal of headshaking in the parish, but Dad said that if David could dance before the Lord, he guessed He wouldn't begrudge the minister's family a little coasting.

The greatest treat we children had was going along with Dad when he made his parish calls, sitting beside him on the front seat of the old Dodge which had isinglass "cathedral windows" behind. Dad drove like Jehu, furiously, because he got so busy thinking he forgot to take his foot off the accelerator, which made the trip exciting; and I learned more from his comments on what we passed than I have in three universities since. He always carried a bag of 10¢ store candy in his bulging coat pocket, and we'd be munching happily when suddenly he'd jam on the brakes so hard you'd almost go through the windshield. He'd seen a field lily beside the road that he wanted to pick for Mother. But

when we came up to it maybe a big black butterfly would be perched on the bright red blossom, waving its gold-spotted wings, so Dad wouldn't pick it after all.

"Isn't it queer how the Lord took so much pains with a little insect like that?" Dad would say. "What fun he must have had painting those wings! Gold woven on velvet too delicate to touch even. All that trouble for a little creature that's here today and gone tomorrow. It's almost as great a miracle as a human soul."

"You don't really believe in miracles," I observed patronizingly, for I'd just read a book in school that didn't. When I looked up to see if he were scandalized, his eyes were twinkling so I added boldly, "They're just legends. You can't make me believe that Jesus could make bread out of stones!"

"We're making bread out of stones every day," Dad said mildly. "Powdered stones—dirt. We put the seed into the ground, and the sun shines upon it, and the rain waters it, and somehow, no one but the Lord knows why, it grows. And when the grain is ripe, we grind it into flour to make bread. The miracle of life is there just the same." It satisfied me then and it does today.

Not even death had any terrors for us who lived with Dad, for heaven was as real a place as our backyard. Just as naturally as new babies were always being baptized in our front parlor, so old people in our parish were constantly moving into the mansions which the Lord had prepared for them. Maybe the phone would ring at two in the morning

when life is at its lowest ebb for sick people, and Dad would get up to promise sleepily, "I'll be right there." Hours later his old jalopy would come rattling back into the yard, and we children would wake up to hear Mother calling to him from the top of the stairs as he came in.

"You all right, Lover?" she'd ask anxiously. "What was the matter?"

My father's voice, tired but filled with quiet exaltation, would call back, "Old Mrs. Weeks was released at last. It was a glorious homecoming. You could almost hear the beat of wings about her head."

Dear father, the beat of the invisible wings of heaven were always in his own ears, and sometimes they got so loud that even the rest of us heard them. Like that lovely autumn day when I went with him to the little white church where he was to preach, up in the hills above Springfield.

We were too early for service and as we stood there, looking down into the deep valley, the view was unbelievable. Most of the trees must have been oak, for the frost had turned the whole valley a deep red, and when the sun came out from behind a cloud, wine-red glory rolled up the hills and splashed, magnificent, against the sky. It was all so beautiful it made you ache.

"Nobody but the Lord could paint a picture as grand as that," Dad murmured softly, for you felt like Moses seeing the burning bush, afraid to speak. "And yet I think I like the nights best," Dad mused. "All those stars—a million, million worlds. Handel caught a glimpse of what it meant." Then he flung back his head, and his rich tenor voice startled the early churchgoers coming up the hill. "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" Dad sang.

He stopped, grinned down at me and the years fell away so that he was a child again, like me. He asked, "You know the first thing I'm going to do when I get to heaven, Susie? I'm going to stand up beside the Almighty and fling out a few stars!"

From the eye to the begonia plant, from the everlasting arms that supported you to the flinger-out of stars—and, in the end, you saw the Lord. Thus my father introduced me to his best friend, the Almighty.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

DO YOU ever wonder whether or not you are normal? Maybe you feel you are too shy? Too clumsy? Too tall? Too fat? Do you think you aren't so bright as you should be? Nor so attractive?

All normal teen-agers have doubts about themselves. They ask secret questions, and come up with disconcerting answers. Such anxiety is a price you pay for being a teen-ager. Your parents paid it when they were your age. I have three suggestions which may help reduce your worries:

Accept yourself. Almost certainly you are downgrading yourself. Think about your strengths, not your weaknesses. Try to realize that others envy you because you do well some things which they do poorly. You're going to live with yourself for a long, long time. You'll change gradually. You can be a wonderful person in your own right. Never let yourself forget it.

Strengthen yourself. Once you really accept yourself, you can start eliminating your weaknesses. Take a long look in the mirror. Do you see too much fat? Then reduce. Nasty pimples? See your doctor. The wrong kind of clothes? Choose more carefully next time. Do you get poor grades at school? Review your study habits. Make sure you are taking the right courses. Get your homework done, every night. Are you weak in all sports? Then concentrate on the one activity in which you can learn to succeed. Insofar as possible, avoid activities in which you feel you have little chance of success. Exploit your talents. Nothing succeeds like success.

Guide yourself. Sit in your own driver's seat. You and you alone make the decisions which really matter. Plan on being a good driver by thinking ahead and making your decisions coolly. Control your impulses. Practice being trustworthy and responsible. You will make mistakes, of course—everyone does—but don't condemn yourself too strongly when you do. Instead, learn from the mistakes, so you'll know how to avoid them in the future. Good luck!

Q I have big, red, awful looking pimples on my cheeks. I've tried using the soaps and disinfectants advertised in the teen magazines, but they

don't help. Is there any way to get rid of my kind of pimples?—G.B.

A Almost certainly they can be reduced if not completely eliminated. Have your family doctor refer you to a dermatologist (a skin specialist). Then see him and follow his directions.

Q I'm the smallest boy in junior high. Everybody razzes me about it. Even my dad tells me to "climb up out of the hole." Why can't I be as big as the other kids? Will I be small all of my life?—R.C.

A You'll shoot up eventually. People grow at different rates. Some mature early, some late. Ask your dad about his growth. Probably you'll find that he was small when he was your age. Always grin when anyone teases you about your size. Then they'll be less likely to continue it.

Q I'm a boy, 18. I still live at home, but I earn my own way. I love my parents, but they bother me. Mom always wants to know where I am. I can

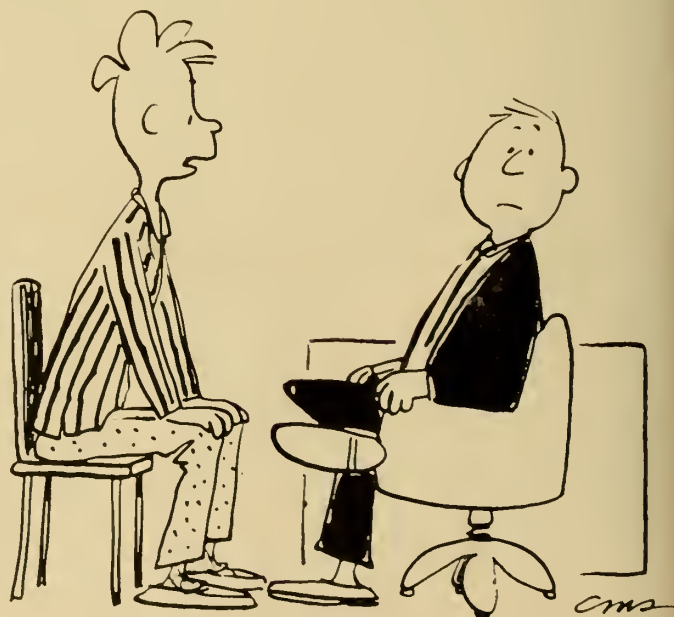
stay out as late as I want, but I must tell her ahead of time. If I don't she worries and can't sleep. What is wrong with her?—M.B.

A Nothing. She loves you and is concerned about you. If you were away at college, she wouldn't know what you were doing and would be less anxious. But so long as you are at home, you should let her know where you are and what your plans are. Try to be considerate of her feelings.

Q I'm a girl, 13. My aunt came into my bedroom unexpectedly yesterday while two girl friends and I were taking each other's bust, waist, and hip measurements. She scolded us something awful. Then she told my mother that we were depraved. Do you think it was wrong for us to take our measurements?—E.T.

A I wouldn't call you depraved, but maybe you were unwise. You could take your own measurements alone, without shocking anyone. Eventually you'll discover that character and personality are far more important than measurements.

"I'd like to be a great theologian, Reverend Hall, if it didn't mean that I'd have to be too religious."



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1962 by Warner Press, Inc.

Q My father scolded me because of the notes some kids wrote in my school annual. The notes were kind of raw. Daddy thinks I'm a fallen woman or something. Will you tell him I'm not responsible for what my friends write?—M.V.

A You can't dictate what they write, but you can try to keep your annual away from the kids who are apt to write raw things. I can understand your father's concern. Next time be more careful.

Q I'm a boy of 16. My parents have money and could buy me a car. They also could sign my application for a driver's permit. However, they refuse. I cannot understand their attitude. Don't I have as much right to a car and a license as my dad?—B.T.

A No one has a right to a car or a license. Driving is a privilege to be earned. Driving is an adult responsibility. Car ownership is questionable at your age. Nearly all boys with cars pay too much attention to them. Their studies suffer. Many boys drive recklessly. Their accident rate is twice that of their fathers. The driver-education and the driver-training courses at school will prepare you for the time when you can have a car.

Q How can I help my mother? I'm 15. Daddy died two years ago. Mamma is a teacher. My older sister is in college. Mother has terrible crying spells. Sometimes she loses her temper and says awful things to us. She even accused my sister of being immoral, though she knows it's not true. She never used to be this way. How can I help her?—E.B.

A Probably the change in your mother comes from her grief over the death of your father. She is lonely. You can help her by getting her to have regular interviews with either a psychiatrist or a qualified psychologist. Talk with your family doctor. Ask him to direct her to a good specialist. At home, you can help with your prayers and your patience. Do all you can to be sure she attends church regularly and prays faithfully. God bless you both.

Q I believe a divorce is a bad thing. That is why I feel awful when I think of certain movie stars getting di-

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



What is righteous indignation? This question is a reference to Ephesians 4:26 (KJV), "Be ye angry and sin not"; or, as the New English Bible has it, "If you are angry, do not let anger lead you into sin." Actually, this is not an excuse for outbursts of anger, because indignation is not really anger. A testy self-concern, a giving-in to bad temper, a "flying off the handle" is not righteous indignation, which arises, not from hurt feelings but out of concern for causes beyond one's self. Too often we forget the last part of the verse, "Never let the sun set upon your exasperation" (after Moffatt).

Must one be baptized before Communion? There is no Methodist rule restricting Communion to members of The Methodist Church, that is, those who have been baptized in accordance with Paragraph 107 of our *Discipline*. Nevertheless, the Holy Supper is communion with fellow Christians as well as the heavenly Father and, therefore, to be enjoyed only by those who have the mark of difference whereby Christians are distinguished. Baptism is also a sign of regeneration, or the new birth. Back in the 19th century, there was a Pastor Kohlbrugge who was once asked, "When were you saved?" He answered, "In the year A.D. 29"—associating himself definitely with the baptism of Jesus.

How do you define religious 'need'? Haskell M. Miller has this summary in a new book, *Barriers and Bridges to Brotherhood*:

"It is need for a sense of orientation to the total reality of the universe and to the meaning and significance of personal and group existence. It is the need for value-relatedness that will make life, personal and social, make sense. . . . Nor does this notion rule out the divine element in religion's origin and development. If man is a divine creation, the dimension of his need and his capacity for the quest are products of divine ingenuity, and the quest is creative, meaningful, and rewarding because the universe is a constantly self-revealing one in response to men's importunities."

What is the Atonement? Although the term occurs only once in the New Testament (Romans 5:11 in the King James Version, and that is changed to "reconciliation" in the Revised Standard Version), the word stands for something real in our faith.

The idea of atonement has been hotly debated over the Christian centuries. According to Origen, one of the Early Church fathers, man's sin put him in slavery to satan, and he had to be bought back, or ransomed. According to Anselm, man, in vassalage to God, the feudal Lord, had violated his oath of fealty, and only Christ's sacrifice on Calvary could cancel the debt.

But Jesus invited us all to share in his Atonement by taking up our crosses and following him, thus sharing in his saviorhood. Similarly, a Chinese patient said of the doctor, "He took my sickness into his own heart."

"I'm no quiz kid," says Bishop Nall, former editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, "but I do like to try my hand at answering questions that bother people." His book *The Bible When You Need It Most* is further evidence of his interest.

voices. How can such fine entertainers cheapen themselves and set bad examples for their fans?—S.V.

A Many divorces are mistakes. However, some home conditions are so bad that a divorce is the only solution. Perhaps the women you admire were more sinned against than sinning. Or, perhaps, they aren't so admirable as their press agents make them seem. You and I don't know enough to judge them.

Q *I'm a girl, 16. My father is principal of our school. He says that it is up to girls to control things on dates, so the necking doesn't go too far. He says that boys can't control their reactions. He thinks they'll do whatever girls permit. Is he right?—J.L.*

A There are exceptions, of course. However, for most young people, he probably is right. Teen-age boys seem to have stronger, less controllable sex drives than teen-age girls. They are more easily aroused. The safe course is not to neck at all.

Q *Recently I discovered that my mother has been reading my diary. I asked her about it and she admitted it. I got mad and called her names. Now I'm on restriction. Shouldn't a girl of 15 have a right to a private diary?—S.M.*

A Yes, she should. However, millions of mothers read their girls' diaries. They read their mail too, for that matter, and think nothing of it. I'm sorry you called your mother names. That never should happen. I suggest an apology.

Q *I am 18. Two weeks ago a letter came advertising a 'Magazine of Love.' The next day another envelope arrived advertising a 'Sex News Letter.' Then I got an ad for nude pictures. Do other boys get mail like this? Is it legal? Where did the senders get my name and address? Do you approve of this?—J.R.*

A I disapprove, strongly. Thousands of other young men receive the same or similar ads. If you graduated last June, your name and address probably were on a school graduation list. Many school districts make such lists available to firms doing business with

seniors. Last spring, somehow, some of the lists found their way into the hands of smut merchants. Postal authorities have tried, but failed, to stop the mailings. Some recent court decisions have made it legal to advertise and sell books, magazines, and pictures once described as pornographic. See your minister. Perhaps he can organize a community protest.

Q *Is it wrong for a girl of 15 to be interested in boys? I write letters to three different boys. I met them at church camp last summer. My father says it's all right, but my mother says it's wrong. Can you help me explain my feelings to her?—A.G.*

A Young people mature faster now than when their parents were in their teens. Perhaps your mother doesn't understand. I think it's normal and right for a girl of your age to be interested in boys, and to correspond with them.

Q *I'm a boy, 15, big for my age. I want to join a car club, but my parents won't let me. If I belonged, I would get to work on other kids' cars and could drive them once in a while. Aren't car clubs legal?—H.P.*

A Some car clubs engage in legitimate activities, some don't. Everything depends on the boys or young men in them. You are young for car club activities and should obey your parents. There'll be time for such things later.

Q *I'm 15 and go steady with a boy 17. We hope to marry in two years, after I graduate from high school. My friends say we will be too young. Do you agree?—A.L.*

A Chances are you'll not be ready for responsibilities of marriage. People who marry young run grave risks. In many cases, their love turns to hatred and dismay. Don't try to make firm plans now. At your age, love is changeable. Almost certainly you and your boy friend will break up before you graduate.

Q *I'm a girl 14, a high-school freshman. I am taking four honors courses. I work until midnight every night, but I'm falling behind. I have always received A grades before, now*

I'm getting Bs and Cs. I want to ask to get into regular classes where I wouldn't have so much homework. My father says it would be a disgrace. Do you think so, too?—M.C.

A I understand how your father feels, but I disagree with him. My experience is that usually it is a mistake for any freshman to take more than one or two honors classes. It is not a disgrace to rectify a mistake. Talk with your counselor. Have him explain to your father. Then make the change.

Q *I'm 19, a soldier in Japan. My girl friend is 16. When I left she promised not to go out with anyone else. Now she has written asking to be released from her promise. She says she misses the fun of dates and parties. What should I do—tell her to go ahead?—R.J.*

A Yes, you should. She should be meeting other boys and having the fun of a good teen-ager. If she has the normal outlook for her age, she is not ready to settle down to one person.

Q *My parents expect me to get A grades in all subjects. According to my counselor, I'm an average girl. I earn C grades usually. When I take my report cards home, I get scolded. I work in the school office. I looked up my parents' record cards, because they both attended my school. I found that they were C students too. Is it fair of them to expect so much from me?—D.R.*

A Probably not. However, your folks are not unique. Many parents expect their children to do better than they did. Try to get your folks to discuss your grades with your counselor. They might accept suggestions from him which they couldn't accept from you. (Next month, Dr. Barbour discusses the importance of a good scholastic record.—Eds.)

For a problem that's big, or one that's small, our own Dr. Barbour is always on call. Write him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. He will keep names confidential.



There's no time for frills on Sunday morning . . .

Blueberry Pancakes, *Indeed!*

A Together in the **Home** Feature by *EMILY C. HARRIS*

TO ANY MOTHER who has ever prepared her family for church, one of the most impressive things about the Creation story must be that God "rested on the seventh day from all his work."

Surely this was an accomplishment nearly as divine as Creation itself, and almost as difficult to duplicate—at least for this modern mother of four. The usual scene at the Harris household an hour before church

time on Sunday mornings is anything but restful!

It's not that we're really disorganized—witness the six pairs of carefully shined shoes the night before. Yet there always are unforeseen circumstances to trigger wild disorder. Sally, a surprisingly docile salamander six days of the week, picks the seventh to escape from her bowl and stroll adventurously through the covers of 12-year-old Gordon's bed.

The resulting shrieks of delight from assorted onlookers, mingled with the barking of the dog, produce the brand of chaos peculiar to Sunday a.m. at 4000 Rosemary Street.

I escape to the kitchen as the coffee boils over, leaving Dad—clad only in white shirt and underwear—to cope with the emergency.

A moment's meditation over an overperked cup of coffee, and I begin to realize that there is something

"Dozens of misguided food editors depict Sunday breakfast as a delightful occurrence . . . I suggest they pay an impromptu visit to the home of the choir director."



strangely nostalgic about these weekly crises. In one brief flash, I see my own father standing in starched, white Sunday shirttail, ready to calm the inevitable tempest. Nothing short of advanced smallpox was considered sufficient excuse for missing church, a calamity which neither my brothers nor I were ever able to court successfully. Our family appeared en masse at the door of the First Methodist Church before the opening strains of organ music summoned the stragglers with less determined parental supervision.

How well I remember the stark drama of *Getting Dressed for Church School*, re-enacted today with certain variations by my own children. No amount of painstaking preparation the night before can prevail against the unfathomable Sunday phenomena of vanishing toothbrushes, slippery neckties, popping buttons, and shredded shoelaces. I have seen my normally self-reliant children reduced to stunned bewilderment within a few moments after the first cheerful reminder: "It's time to get dressed for church school."

Clearly there must be someone with the staunch determination to meet such a challenge—and, by a process of elimination, the job falls on the husband-and-wife team.

Dozens of misguided food editors depict Sunday breakfast as a thoroughly delightful weekly occurrence. "Fresh blueberry pancakes and tiny sausages served on your best Spode dishes, with a gay centerpiece of field daisies gathered the same morning. Coffee to linger over while the children peruse the comics . . ."

Ha! Picture cereal boxes scattered in carefree abandon across a tablecloth quaintly splotched with milk and cornflakes. Is it any wonder the average housewife nurses an inferiority complex proportionate to the number of helpful homemaker magazines delivered to her door? For stark realism, I suggest that the editor pay an impromptu visit to the home of the choir director or the church-school superintendent on Sunday morning. Although it would be unnerving for the hostess, it would forever reassure families like ours who leave trails of toast crumbs and spilled orange juice in their wake!

At 25 minutes to nine, a quick inspection reveals the three boys have been miraculously assembled in good order, hair combed and faces pink with exertion.

"Hey, Mom, I've got a terrible sore throat," Keith announces dramatically. "It feels like I swallowed a light bulb and forgot to turn it off." Keith

uses the rich imagery of a first-grade Dr. Seuss enthusiast, but there is nothing whimsical about the look on his face. I grab a flashlight and peer anxiously down his throat. It *is* red and inflamed.

"Aw, Mom, he just ate a fireball," Gordon exclaims in disgust, producing a sticky candy wrapper from the pocket of Keith's pants. With a smile for me and a surreptitious punch for Gordon, the unsuccessful invalid indicates resignation to his usual Sunday-morning fate.

With all in readiness, there remains only the ritual of the offering envelopes before the mad dash to the car. To the tune of rattling rocket banks (pigs went out with the first satellite), Keith and Steven discuss their contributions. These we leave entirely to their own discretion, in the fervent hope that it might develop some sense of responsibility. This morning Steven produces three pennies and a slightly diseased leaf.

"It looks funny because a worm walked around on it," he explains patiently, "but it just fits." He deposits the leaf carefully in his envelope, drops the pennies in as an afterthought, and licks the flap with finality. *All things come of thee, O Lord.*

A hurried check of his other pockets reveals three envelopes from previous Sundays. Steven collects them until he has four or five to drop in at once, a grand gesture seldom equalled in the kindergarten class.

At the last possible moment, I dress the baby, resplendent in ruffles and lace. Smiling and cooing, she cleverly avoids the bib under her chin and spits up neatly on one tiny sleeve. Three diapers and two dresses later she passes rigid fatherly inspection.

The short drive to the church is marred only by the discovery that I forgot to bring an extra diaper for Melissa and that the boys are crouched on the floor of the car in their good Sunday pants.

A comfortable five minutes before the opening hymn, my hat slightly askew and one small run in my right stocking, I slip into the pew beside my husband. Knowing with certainty that this is the interlude that sustains my week, I say a prayer of thanksgiving.

And I promise myself next Sunday morning is going to be different!

In Praise of Small Faults

I love you most when some small fault betrays you:
The celery brought to picnics—and no salt!
The mislaid glove repeatedly delays you—
Your waving hand when policemen signal "Halt!"

The meetings when you rise to read the minutes,
Recalling, eyes a-wide, they're in your coat,
The one you didn't wear—with pockets in its
Lining—that's safely holding every note.

And I'll hint at the time you wrote the letter
To Uncle Tim, and thanked him for the blouse
That Helen sent. But surely you knew better
Than to send those painters to our neighbor's house!

Yet if you'd been a model of perfection,
You never would have looked in my direction.

—RALPH W. SEAGER

BISHOP

Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR

Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.

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NY and NYE Churches Ready for Crusade



Newburgh News Photo

Some of the participants in the recent Convocation on the Christian Ministry.

Bishop Wicke Urges Careful Choice of Vocations

Bishop Wicke appealed to nearly 200 students at the Convocation on the Christian Ministry in Newburgh (N.Y.) not to drift into some job but to "choose a vocation with care."

He advised them to give the ministry serious thought.

His address closed a two-day session at the Newburgh Hotel and First Church which included group discussions of various phases of the ministry.

Other speakers were Paul Dietzel, West Point athletic coach; the Rev. Clark W. Hunt of Westfield (N.J.) and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor emeritus of Christ Church, New York City.

Shown in the picture above are four of the participants in the convocation. Left to right are Dr. Merrill Johnson, host pastor; Dr. Sockman, Bishop Wicke, and Dr. John M. Pearson, chairman.

Start World's Fair Center

Dr. Charles L. Warren, pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church in New York City and president of the Manhattan Division of the Protestant Council participated in the ground-breaking ceremony for the World's Fair Protestant Center.

Shown at right are (left to right) Dr. Phillip A. Johnson, National Lutheran Council; Robert Moses, World's Fair president; Dr. Warren; Emilio Knechtle, board president; and Dr. Arthur Lee Kinsolving, president of the Protestant Council.

Paging Mr. Price

The Hymn Society of America would like to learn the address of Sherman Price, son of the late Carl Fowler Price, a Methodist layman and the society's first president.

Anyone knowing his address is asked to communicate with William W. Reid, Room 242, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Two Conferences Seek Total of \$4.8 Million

The churches of the New York and New York East Conferences are in the final stages of preparation for the capital fund crusades to be conducted in local parishes.

The New York Conference development fund calls for \$1,500,000 and the New York East quota is \$3,366,000.

Both conferences have allotted segments of the fund for inner-city work, church extension, and student work including seminary scholarships. In addition, the New York East Conference hopes to build two new retirement homes; and the New York Conference is devoting a sum to the promotion of stewardship.

Filmstrips entitled *Our Moment to Decide* have been prepared for district rallies and local churches; and a brochure with the same title is going to Methodists throughout the conferences explaining the needs.

Laymen to Hear Bosley

Dr. Harold A. Bosley, pastor of Christ Church, New York City, will be the speaker March 1 at 6:45 p.m. at the Newark Conference Annual Fellowship dinner at Drew University. His topic



Breaking ground for the Protestant Center at the New York World's Fair.

strangely nostalgic about these weekly crises. In one brief flash, I see my own father standing in starched, white Sunday shirttail, ready to calm the inevitable tempest. Nothing short of advanced smallpox was considered sufficient excuse for missing church, a calamity which neither my brothers nor I were ever able to court successfully. Our family appeared en masse at the door of the First Methodist Church before the opening strains of organ music summoned the stragglers with less determined parental supervision.

How well I remember the stark drama of *Getting Dressed for Church School*, re-enacted today with certain variations by my own children. No amount of painstaking preparation the night before can prevail against the unfathomable Sunday phenomena of vanishing toothbrushes, slippery neckties, popping buttons, and shredded shoelaces. I have seen my normally self-reliant children reduced to stunned bewilderment within a few moments after the first cheerful reminder: "It's time to get dressed for church school."

Clearly there must be someone with the staunch determination to meet such a challenge—and, by a process of elimination, the job falls on the husband-and-wife team.

Dozens of misguided food editors depict Sunday breakfast as a thoroughly delightful weekly occurrence. "Fresh blueberry pancakes and tiny sausages served on your best Spode dishes, with a gay centerpiece of field daisies gathered the same morning. Coffee to linger over while the children peruse the comics . . ."

Ha! Picture cereal boxes scattered in carefree abandon across a tablecloth quaintly splotted with milk and cornflakes. Is it any wonder the average housewife nurses an inferiority complex proportionate to the number of helpful homemaker magazines delivered to her door? For stark realism, I suggest that the editor pay an impromptu visit to the home of the choir director or the church-school superintendent on Sunday morning. Although it would be unnerving for the hostess, it would forever reassure families like ours who leave trails of toast crumbs and spilled orange juice in their wake!

At 25 minutes to nine, a quick inspection reveals the three boys have been miraculously assembled in good order, hair combed and faces pink with exertion.

"Hey, Mom, I've got a terrible sore throat," Keith announces dramatically. "It feels like I swallowed a light bulb and forgot to turn it off." Keith

uses the rich imagery of a first-grade Dr. Seuss enthusiast, but there is nothing whimsical about the look on his face. I grab a flashlight and peer anxiously down his throat. It *is* red and inflamed.

"Aw, Mom, he just ate a fireball," Gordon exclaims in disgust, producing a sticky candy wrapper from the pocket of Keith's pants. With a smile for me and a surreptitious punch for Gordon, the unsuccessful invalid indicates resignation to his usual Sunday-morning fate.

With all in readiness, there remains only the ritual of the offering envelopes before the mad dash to the car. To the tune of rattling rocket banks (pigs went out with the first satellite), Keith and Steven discuss their contributions. These we leave entirely to their own discretion, in the fervent hope that it might develop some sense of responsibility. This morning Steven produces three pennies and a slightly diseased leaf.

"It looks funny because a worm walked around on it," he explains patiently, "but it just fits." He deposits the leaf carefully in his envelope, drops the pennies in as an afterthought, and licks the flap with finality. *All things come of thee, O Lord.*

A hurried check of his other pockets reveals three envelopes from previous Sundays. Steven collects them until he has four or five to drop in at once, a grand gesture seldom equalled in the kindergarten class.

At the last possible moment, I dress the baby, resplendent in ruffles and lace. Smiling and cooing, she cleverly avoids the bib under her chin and spits up neatly on one tiny sleeve. Three diapers and two dresses later she passes rigid fatherly inspection.

The short drive to the church is marred only by the discovery that I forgot to bring an extra diaper for Melissa and that the boys are crouched on the floor of the car in their good Sunday pants.

A comfortable five minutes before the opening hymn, my hat slightly askew and one small run in my right stocking, I slip into the pew beside my husband. Knowing with certainty that this is the interlude that sustains my week, I say a prayer of thanksgiving.

And I promise myself next Sunday morning is going to be different!

In Praise of Small Faults

I love you most when some small fault betrays you:
The celery brought to picnics—and no salt!
The mislaid glove repeatedly delays you—
Your waving hand when policemen signal "Halt!"

The meetings when you rise to read the minutes,
Recalling, eyes a-wide, they're in your coat,
The one you didn't wear—with pockets in its
Lining—that's safely holding every note.

And I'll hint at the time you wrote the letter
To Uncle Tim, and thanked him for the blouse
That Helen sent. But surely you knew better
Than to send those painters to our neighbor's house!

Yet if you'd been a model of perfection,
You never would have looked in my direction.

—RALPH W. SEAGER

The Sermon I'll Never Forget

By STEVEN HOLCOMB

As told to Peryl Wade Parsons

ONE SUNDAY morning when I was 11 years old, I awoke to the sound of rain drumming on the roof. I drowsily watched the sparkling rivulets washing the windowpanes. I glowed, feeling that today would be perfect for reading—my favorite pastime.

My reverie was interrupted by Pa calling from the kitchen, "Steve, your Ma's sick this morning. It's up to you and me to get breakfast."

Quickly I dressed and went to mother's bedside in the darkened room. But she said there was nothing I could do for her, so I went to the kitchen and dug into a stack of hot pancakes Pa had baked. Pancakes swimming in butter and sorghum molasses were my favorite breakfast.

After that Pa went out to do the chores. Upon his return, while he shook the rain off his hat on the screened porch, he suggested:

"Son, how would you like to represent the family at church this morning? Ma needs me to stay with her."

I stared through the window and murmured, "Kinda wet, isn't it?"

"Sure," he agreed, "just what we've been needing. But when did weather keep our family from a church service?"

He was right. If it were raining or snowing, we fastened a rubberized apron to the buggy top. Nothing short of a blizzard kept the Holcombs from attending divine service in the western Kansas schoolhouse two miles from our home.

"How shall I go?" I asked without enthusiasm.

"Why, ride your pony, or take the buggy—either way. You have a good slicker, and you're neither sugar nor salt. Probably won't be many there today."

So when the time came to go, I hitched Old Buck to the buggy and drove to the schoolhouse. One buggy was at the hitching rail

when I arrived. It was the pastor's.

Inside the cloakroom, I slipped out of my dripping slicker and through the doorway saw Reverend Freeland sitting at a desk reading the Bible. He was a powerful man with brick-red whiskers and twinkling blue eyes.

"He'll call the meeting off since nobody's here," I hoped. Mr. Freeland saw me, stood up, and said with a hearty rumble, "Good morning, Brother Steve. It's a fine rain we are getting."

I nodded, smiled, and shook hands self-consciously. I regained some of my composure as I explained why I was the only representative from our family. Smiling his understanding, he took out his watch and said, "It's past time to begin our worship. Will you please choose a hymn? Why not sit here in the front seat?"

I was astonished. He was about to conduct a full service—and I would be the whole audience!

I had expected him to say, "Well, looks like nobody else's coming so we'll do without worship service today." That would mean I could get an early start on reading my new book, *The Call of the Wild*.

I drew a deep breath and said, "All right, let's sing *Onward Christian Soldiers*." I liked its march tempo, and I knew the tune.

Mr. Freeland found a few chords on the wheezy organ to accompany us. And he conducted the order of service just as he would had the room been full of people.

Still astonished, I walked awkwardly to the desk with my offering.

When I returned to my seat, his kindly eyes found mine, and he preached a sermon unique among all the sermons I have heard because never before or since have I listened to one aimed at me alone. His kindly eyes never left mine and I drank the words in so that after 40 years

I could still recall and recite them.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" he began. "A person's soul is a little bit of the great and good God inside him. If one neglects or despises his soul, it shrivels up like a plant in a dark cellar."

"Or again, it is like the soul of the selfish man who laid up much goods for many years. And again, it is like the soul of the rich man, Dives, who paid no attention to the beggar waiting for crumbs at his doorstep."

Such thoughts, addressed to me alone, awakened me to God in my life. The faith I have lived by was planted that rainy morning.

After the benediction, I knew exactly what to do. Since Mr. Freeland was usually invited home by one of the families attending the service, I walked up to him, thanked him for the service, then invited him home for dinner.

Placing a large hand on my shoulder in man-to-man fashion, he said, "That's good of you, Brother Steve, but with your mother being sick I think I'd better postpone my visit."

I persisted, describing a generous pan of beans with molasses and chunks of ham on the pantry shelf. Besides, there was a delicious-looking prune pie waiting for its whipped-cream topping.

"Ma'll be disappointed if you don't come," I urged. "Dinner's all ready, so it won't be any trouble at all."

Mr. Freeland accepted, to my great joy. Ma was feeling better when we returned from the service, and sat at the table with us; but she didn't eat much.

Usually, I did not say much when we had guests, but that day I entered into the conversation. Somehow I felt different. The preacher had gone out of his way to conduct the church service—just for me—and had treated me like an adult.

Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on International Sunday School Lessons



G. Lemuel Fenn
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

J. Arthur Dahlstrand
Pawtucket, R.I.

J. Edward Phillips
Mondovi, Wis.

Ray Bond
Honolulu, Hawaii

Jasper A. Steele
Montpelier, Vt.

MARCH 3

Jesus said to them, "My food is to do the will of him who sent me, and to accomplish his work."—John 4:34

"I LOST \$65,000 last week," he said calmly. That distressed me, since he was elderly and not wealthy. He and his good wife contributed more to that little church, where I was pastor in 1930 during the great economic depression, than any other family. They gave \$5 a week plus extras.

"That's too bad," I replied gravely as together we lifted boards to help build a small addition to the church. I thought fearfully—"will this take their retirement money? Maybe they can't give to the church any more." I was not getting full salary because so many of our 142 members were out of work.

"Don't worry," he said as though he had read my mind. "We have something left. We're sorry the mortgages we hold were wiped out, but that is not as important as building these rooms. The children need them. This is the work I like to do." He and his wife continued to attend every service, to give, and to work.

That is not exactly refusing food to continue with God's work, as Jesus did. Nevertheless, the incident does indicate that this man, and innumerable others like him, live to work for God instead of struggling for money with which to buy the next sumptuous meal and luxury. To men like him, food is sustenance,

not basic satisfaction; money is material for helpfulness, not desire fulfilled.

To be allowed to serve God and his fellowmen was all Jesus asked from life. And a Christian is a person who has caught something of his spirit and is growing up in his likeness.

Prayer: Our Father, God, each time I eat, help me to be genuinely thankful, and help me to rise from the table saying, "Lord, I give my strength to thee." Amen.

—G. LEMUEL FENN

MARCH 10

"For the Son of Man himself did not come to be served but to serve, and to give his life to set many others free."

—Mark 10:45 (Phillips)

THE BANQUET hall was prepared and ready. It was not to be a large gathering, but it was an occasion of the utmost importance for it included only the inner corps of followers of a man whose avowed purpose was to rule the world.

For daily Bible reading on the International Sunday School Lessons see Epworth Notes—published monthly by the Methodist Board of Education. (Available from the Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville 3, Tennessee, at \$1.50 a year.)—YOUR EDITORS.

The meal proceeded as planned. When it was finished this master of men arose from his place at the head of the table, cast aside his outer clothing and, taking a basin of water, began to wash the feet of his men.

No act, no statement could cut more completely across the natural inclinations and instinct of man than these. We spend our years seeking to gain the top. We desire to sit in the place of honor, to be served. Into this smug pattern of human values, the words of Jesus fling their challenge to us like a sharp beam of light stabbing the darkness: *Whosoever will be the greatest among you, shall be the servant of all.*

It is not only his words but his very life that flings out the challenge, "for the Son of Man himself did not come to be served but to serve," and that to the ultimate degree for he came "to give his life to set many others free."

If we as Christians are to meet the challenge of our day, it will be because we have first met the challenge of Jesus:

"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me. For whoever would save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake, he will save it."

Prayer: Our Father, give us the courage to accept the challenge which you have given us through your Son, and lead us that it may become the pattern of our daily living. Amen.

—J. ARTHUR DAHLSTRAND

MARCH 17

"Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord' and not do what I tell you?"—Luke 6:46

MANY OF us can remember the announcement of the cracking of the atom. We have never ceased to be amazed at the resultant developments of that scientific achievement. Man's knowledge of the physical world has been progressive and accumulative, and the stages have been marked by announcements of certain discoveries.

Jesus was not so much an idealist, as often supposed, but more like one announcing the spiritual laws of life. Many of the announcements about the spiritual relationships of men were given in the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus also pointed out ways of testing whether or not men were following these spiritual laws. We have never ceased to be amazed at the resultant developments in the lives of those who live by the laws announced by Jesus.

But one factor that greatly clouds our sight as we look for the results of living by spiritual law is the fact of hypocrisy. Jesus said, "Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do what I tell you?" Or we might hear the question this way, "Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord,' and not love God with your whole being and not love your neighbor as yourself?"

Why should we call the law of gravity good and true if we should go about trying to secure every article in midair somehow, not having the faith that articles can be laid down and trusted to remain secure because of the law of gravity?

There are no good results from being religious unless we learn and live by the spiritual laws Jesus announced. Many of our failures and disappointments in religious experiences occur because we call Christ "Lord, Lord," but do not live by the things he said.

Prayer: O Lord, help us by the work of thy creative and life-giving Spirit to more fully give ourselves to doing what you tell us to do.

—J. EDWARD PHILLIPS

MARCH 24

"For I have not spoken on my own authority; the Father who sent me has himself given me commandment what to say and what to speak."—John 12:49

MANY YEARS ago as the acids of modernity were eating into the Christian tradition, a widely known British leader in arts and letters made an unusual statement.

Sir J. Middleton Murray said, "It has become necessary for me to make up my mind about Jesus." The result was his book *Jesus: Man of Genius*.

The Bible verse above is of the same serious spirit. It is a part of a section which speaks of the inescapable judgment upon those who hear and then turn away.

Jesus said, "If anyone hears my sayings and does not keep them . . . the word that I have spoken will be his judge on the last day." (John 12:47-48.)

How could Jesus make such an uncompromising and unequivocal statement? Because the Father who sent him commanded him to speak as he did. He believed he had ultimate authority supporting him.

A Moslem woman educator said to me the other day she couldn't be a Christian because she couldn't turn the other cheek. I thought for a moment: have I? could I?

Is Jesus simply holding us to an impossible standard? No, but I believe he is holding us to the highest standard of which we are capable in the spirit and direction of his words. But he does insist on our best.

With his loving care, Jesus will assist those of us who are humble and repentant. He will help us to achieve much of what the Father commanded him to say. At that point, we stand before a loving Father dependent upon his wise and comprehensive judgment.

Prayer: O God, we thank thee for the clear revelation of thyself which we see in Jesus. Help us to respond to this revelation with the understanding, courage, and dedication which it deserves. Amen.

—RAY BOND

MARCH 31

"Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is."—Mark 13:33 (KJV)

WE PREACHERS take comfort in Eutychus. He was the young man, sitting on the third-story window ledge of a house in Troas, who fell asleep listening to Paul and tumbled to the ground. The candles, the crowd, the service (Adam Clarke says it lasted six hours!), and maybe Paul himself made the place stuffy. Paul's composure on the occasion, Halford Luccock suggested, might indicate it was not the first time a listener had fallen asleep!

People do not sleep in church as they used to. We would like to think preaching is better. Probably it is more because the times are tenser.

"Watch," Jesus admonishes. We do watch, and with apprehension. We watch and listen as international crises come and go. Our nation keeps an unceasing watch in the skies.

Our problem is to watch for the right things, and to learn to live as Christians in tense days.

Both in the soul's life and the nation's existence, our eyes can be on the wrong or the secondary things. For both, it is disastrous. If we watch possessions mostly, we can lose our souls. If we watch our bomb shelters mostly, we can lose the chances for peace. Jesus would have us watchful for the soul's eternal survival, the nation's fulfillment of God's purpose in history.

But how do we live in tense days? Couple with our text from Mark one from Matthew: "Do not be anxious for tomorrow." We are called to the practice of all Christian disciplines—prayer particularly, church attendance, proportionate giving, Christian service to others.

Let Christians be Christian: They will have resources to live watchfully, and know rightly what to watch for.

Prayer: "Help me to watch and pray. And on thyself rely/Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die." Amen.

—JASPER A. STEELE

An Ancient Collect . . .

O God, who hast folded back the mantle of the night
to clothe us in the golden glory of the day,
chase from our hearts all gloomy thoughts,
and make us glad with the brightness of hope,
that we may effectively aspire to unwon virtues;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—A.D. 590



*Central Methodist Church
in Spokane: Once it symbolized
the undying Methodist dream.*

Spokane Self-Helpers RE

*Slowly and silently, in
the midst of progress and
change, the big downtown church
was dying of neglect. . . . Could
Central Methodist be saved?*



*Champion self-helper:
Mrs. J. P. Armand, 75, a retired
minister's wife, sanded and
varnished half the pews.*

SPOKANE isn't a very old city, even as American cities go. Founded in 1872, it fed lustily on lumber, minerals, and livestock to grow past the 180,000 population mark as the financial and commercial center of eastern Washington's great inland empire.

The Methodists who built their big, new church near the business district in 1905 were descendants of the pioneer Westerners who had known the circuit riders. It was an impressive brick structure with twin towers, Gothic arches, and great stained-glass windows. Through the early 1900s Central Methodist was easily accessible to almost everyone in the growing city. Thronged every Sunday by some of Spokane's most respected citizens, it grew into one of the most active and forward-looking churches in the state; it became, in fact, the mother church of the Spokane area. At least three important institutions in the city—a Deaconess hospital, Goodwill Industries, and Rockwood Manor, a retirement home—owe their existence to the Christian charity of Central Methodists.

But that was years ago. What has happened to Central Methodist recently is a story common to many once-flourishing churches all over the United States. As any business district expands, homes disappear. Central Methodist today finds itself

hemmed in by parking lots, garages, small shops, hotels, and apartment buildings. The founding fathers all are gone, and their children and grandchildren attend newer churches in the suburbs. As a result, Central Methodist's drop in membership became alarming. Only two years ago, church rolls were trimmed from 1,600 to 1,200.

When the Rev. James Albertson became pastor there in 1960, he had no illusions about the situation. If the old church were to live again, the first step would have to be an overall face-lifting. But where would the money come from? The church's bank credit had sunk to zero, and the educational unit remained unroofed. Sixty percent of the dwindling congregation were elderly people on fixed incomes or pensions; another 20 percent were young married couples starting out in apartments nearby (many soon would move to the suburbs); and the remaining 20 percent were young unmarried adults.

At Wenatchee, Wash., his previous pastorate, Mr. Albertson had seen what a congregation of enthusiastic self-helpers can do. To save money,

*Methodist self-helpers at work.
Later they'll have a remodeled chancel
with new organ console, pulpit, lectern,
Communion rail, and choir stalls.*

OVATE a CHURCH!



*Wednesday night at church:
The tools were laid out at 6 p.m.
and work began immediately.
All were ready by 9 for the snack
served by the Woman's Society.*

*Self-helpers range in age
from the oldest to the rather
young like Mike Williamson, 12,
who snakes a communication
wire through the attic.*



the Wenatchee folk turned themselves into carpenters, painters, electricians, and burden-bearers. Something similar would have to be done at Spokane to keep a fine old church from crumbling eventually into ruin.

Even so, a great deal of money would be needed to buy materials. A Spokane bank, agreeing that Central Methodist was worth saving, advanced \$80,000 to pay off existing debts and roof the educational unit. The Methodist Board of Missions, reassured by the congregation's determination to do much of the work, advanced another \$50,000.

Less than two years after do-it-yourself became a congregational slogan at Spokane, Mr. Albertson can say: "Those who said that Central Methodist is dead will find it is a very lively corpse!" Attendance is up 10 percent on Sunday mornings. But just as significant are activities that take place there at night and on weekends. Then the old building is alive with the sound of hammers, saws, sandpaper, and the odors of paint and varnish. The tools, by the way, are on loan from the Wenatchee church.

"The days of miracles are not

past," Mr. Albertson says. "In the midst of blight and declining population, Central is growing again in membership and interest. The sanctuary has been renovated . . . we are in our new offices. We even have an evening service. Last Sunday night there were 397 present."

True, the money already is gone, but there are many other things the Spokane do-it-yourselfers want to do to put Central Methodist back into the mainstream of Methodism in the great Northwest. One thing is sure: they'll find a way, even if they have to do it *all* themselves!



*The beheading of a stairway
monstrosity, "Old Mr. Newel-Post,"
shows the fun and the spirit of
Central Methodist's new life.*



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IN THE exclusive community of Beverly Hills, Calif., a man should not walk the streets after 10 p.m. For if he takes an evening stroll, he is likely to be picked up by the police and asked for identification.

Why is he not riding in a car like any decent citizen? If he cannot afford a car, he has no business on the streets of Beverly Hills, anyway.

We have gone so far out in mechanizing our life that any man who still prefers to put forth physical effort, rather than let a machine do it for him, is regarded as so eccentric as not to be trusted.

Have you ever considered how the goal of this generation seems to be the elimination of physical activity? We no longer wind our watches, and many of us do not wind up the windows in our cars. And I have seen electric toothbrush advertisements. Electric typewriters take physical exertion away from the hands of our secretaries and, incidentally, I am told, tend to add two pounds a month to their weight. Machinery is getting to be almost more important than people.

On election night last fall, I sat in wonderment as broadcasters predicted victory for Governor Pat Brown in California at the very moment when Richard M. Nixon was leading by about 18,000 votes. They did it with a machine. On the basis of the vote in certain key precincts, they determined trends; and by feeding these into a machine, they predicted the winner early in the evening.

A few years ago, several other religious leaders and I visited Offutt Air Force Base just south of Omaha, Nebr. Here is the nerve center of the Strategic Air Command. We were briefed by the commanding general and his associates as to the purpose of this arm of our defense and how it would work.

Deep in the earth beyond the reach of nuclear bombs was sensitive equipment which scanned the skies and put the planes with their nuclear warheads into the air immediately if some suspicious unidentified object appeared on the screen. Here, we were in direct communication with outposts all over the world.

The whole process of launching a nuclear war was explained. There would never be very much warning but, we were told, there would be enough to allow a retaliatory striking force to de-

stroy whatever power had launched an attack on the United States. One man asked if this was top secret. The reply was that we could talk about it all we wished, because it was hoped that Russia would understand that it was impossible to attack us without being destroyed in the process.

What troubled all of us was the possibility of a mistake being made. What about an attack launched because somebody had seen something that wasn't there? We were assured that this could never happen since every safety precaution had been taken. But I have a sneaky kind of mind, and I recalled that cars had broken down, that watches had stopped, that electric windows had refused to work.

I wondered how anybody could be sure that, with such a complicated system as SAC operated, something might not go wrong. Machines are wonderful when they work, but when they fail, we wish there was some old-fashioned physical way of operating the equipment.

All this leads to a look at the best-seller **FAIL-SAFE**, by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95). These two brethren believe that SAC's equipment can go wrong, and they write a story based on the horror of just such a mishap. They know all the involvements.

As I read the book, I felt I was being briefed again by the officers in charge of this intricate defense machinery. A mistake is made, and a desperate attempt follows to shoot down the American plane carrying the bomb to Moscow. The President gets on the private telephone line direct to the Russian premier. (Incidentally, I saw in a paper that this is now being seriously suggested as necessary.) Finally, the Russian is convinced of the President's sincerity, but what good will that do if the bomb reaches its Moscow target? How could he explain that we did not mean it and somebody had blundered?

The whole thing builds up to a terrifying climax. I dare not tell you what happens in the end, or it will spoil the book for you. All I can say is that the conclusion is terrific. If you need any convincing that we should get behind disarmament, this one is for you.

I have to confess that I did not like the book very much, but that may be because it is obviously a "message" writ-

ing. This is not literature, as a novel ought to be; it is a tract of the times which describes dramatically how much later it is than we think.

I turn now to a change-of-pace book with a vengeance, and direct your attention to **THE UNCLE**, by Margaret Abrams (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50). Here is a little boy named Gus who was born after his sister was married so that his sister's first boy is his age. That means that Gus is an uncle when seven years old, with a nephew who also is seven years old.

If you think this does not cause complications, you have forgotten childhood. Gus is tormented by his companions as though being an uncle were something disgraceful. Nobody can give him an explanation that makes sense. Confused, he finds life almost unbearable.

There are some earthy passages as "the uncle" discovers sex although he does not know what it means. This may offend some readers, but to me it was a part of the story and handled with good taste.

Gus is quite a fellow, and so are the members of his family. Read it right after *Fail-Safe*. It will help us to remember that even in our kind of world, there are children.

POWER, by Howard Fast (Doubleday, \$4.95), is an account of the rise of labor power in the United States. Beginning with the coal miners and their desperate plight, it takes us up through the Roosevelt regime and the governmental encouragement for labor to organize. Howard Fast is familiar with this field, and he tells a story that marches with violence and sacrifice. He is on the side of labor, but he is not blind to its faults.

Altogether, the book has an authentic ring and is something very much more than just a propaganda yarn. This likewise is the story of war, but on a different plane. It is a story, also, of people striving for a better life for themselves and for their children.

Our need to expend ourselves can never be eliminated, but let it be for social progress and justice. Let our fight be for life and not death. It is well for us to end on this note. Come to think of it, *Browsing's* literary fare this month comes close to providing a fairly balanced diet. It is now time for the dietitian to sign off.

Looks at NEW Books

I HAVE always thought that one of the most exciting feats of teaching ever accomplished was that of Anne Sullivan, who brought Helen Keller out of a dark world of silence and loneliness into communication with the life Miss Keller learned to love so well.

Thus, I have been interested in *The Three Lives of Helen Keller* (Doubleday, \$4.95) in which **Richard Har- rity** and **Ralph G. Martin** have re-created Miss Keller's story in words and pictures.

If you have seen the Broadway play or the motion picture about the youthful Helen and her teacher, you will want to know the results of that creative partnership. You will find a vivid report in this pictorial biography.

In the last 30 years, archaeological discoveries have opened up exciting new dimensions in our understanding of the lands and people of the Bible—and of the Bible itself.

Our Living Bible (McGraw-Hill, \$15) takes full advantage of this new knowledge to bring the Scriptures magnificently alive. Not a commentary in the scholarly sense—though it is meticulously accurate—this book is designed for the layman to read for pure enjoyment and discovery. More than 400 illustrations, all in natural color, heighten the excellent text.

Dr. Michael Avi-Yonah, professor of archaeology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, wrote the Old Testament commentary. **Dr. Emil G. Kraeling**, formerly on the faculties of Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary, is the author of the

New Testament commentary. The foreword is by Dead Sea Scrolls expert William F. Albright, professor emeritus of Semitic languages, Johns Hopkins University.

The book, measuring 8¾ by 10¾ inches, has 384 pages and is a condensation of the 5-volume *Illustrated World of the Bible Library* that costs \$100. Mrs. Barnabas and I do not have the 5-volume set for the same reason you probably do not have it—the family budget will not stretch that far. But *Our Living Bible* makes the rounds of our house. You are likely to find it on Bonnie Barnabas' desk as she prepares to teach her church-school fourth-graders, amongst Tommy Barnabas' homework as he looks up a historical reference, in my own work-room, even in the kitchen, because that is where Mrs. Barnabas finds it convenient to put together her part of the Woman's Society programs.

I think your family would find as many uses for it.

World Communist Party membership has increased to a total of more than 40 million, and the United States is the major target for attack by the world communist movement. Right now the Communists are engaged in a systematic campaign to attract American young people. Party leaders have been appearing as speakers on college campuses, expounding communist ideology and asserting the supremacy of the communist way of life.

In the face of this very real threat, too many Americans are inclined to haul off and call anybody who does not agree with them a "Communist." Yet reckless charges against individuals and false statements about the nature of communism and its penetration into American life actually serve com-



"Beauty is a form of goodness,"
we read in *The Three Lives of Helen
Keller. Deaf and blind, still she
gets great joy from nature.*

munism's cause by creating disunity at the very time we need unity and strength.

This is the warning of **J. Edgar Hoover** who, as director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has the responsibility for chasing down Communists. He tells Americans what they can do against communism as individuals and what they should leave to legally constituted authorities in *A Study of Communism* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$3.95). The book traces the history of communism and contrasts American freedom and communist totalitarianism.

The way for Americans to defeat communism's false claims is through knowledge, information, and reliance on democratic principles, Hoover declares.

I was interested in his distinction between knowledge and information. It is knowledge that is shared in *Christianity and Communism* (Abingdon, paper, 60¢ a single copy, \$6 a dozen). Here, theologian **William E. Hordern** recognizes communism as a religion and contrasts it with our Christian faith.

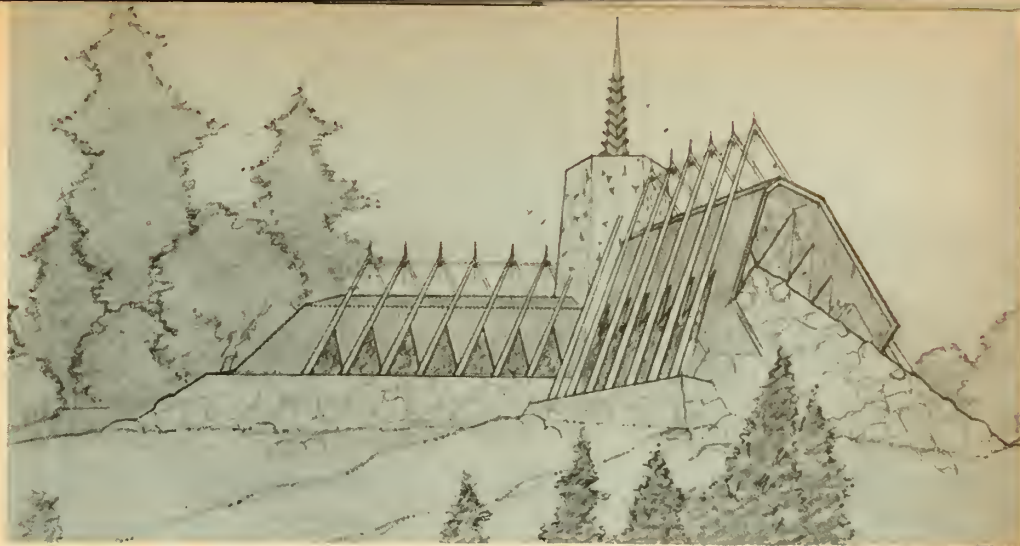
Communism's real threat is not that it is godless, Dr. Hordern believes, but that it is idolatry. He agrees with Reinhold Niebuhr that: "It worships a god who is the unqualified ally of one group in society and against all others."

For all their dialectical materialism, the Communists are less realistic than Christians, Dr. Hordern suggests. The Christian knows that the Communist is deluded when he expects the abolition of private property to remove sin. The Christian understands the roots of sin within the heart of man, and he does not expect to see the perfect society built upon the earth.

Dr. Hordern's book is particularly significant because it has been designed as an elective study for youth and adults, and has been issued by the Methodist Board of Education for use in church-school classes and other groups. The author is professor of systematic theology at our Methodist Garrett Theological Seminary. Following his discussion, which first appeared in the magazine *Christian Action*, is an excellent bibliography for additional reading.

TOGETHER provides additional reading, too. Look among your back copies for *Why the Sniping at Our Preachers?* [March, 1962, page 14] and *If the Communists Take Over in the United States* [December, 1962, page 24].

John F. Kennedy has done a good bit of dictator-facing since he became president of the United States, but in the years before World War II a still younger man was the first Western statesman to meet with Adolf Hitler



Symbolic of the Trinity in form, the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Redding, Calif., was the last church designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Wright's principles are outlined in Architecture: Man in Possession of His Earth.

and Stalin. He was English statesman **Anthony Eden**, who was in the center of international negotiations from the time he was 29.

Eden recalls the years from 1923 to 1938 in *Facing the Dictators* (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50). It is the second published volume of his memoirs, but chronologically it precedes the first. Those were the years that led to the outbreak of World War II, and Eden gives us an unforgettable view of the men and events by which the fate of nations was shaped.

Of Hitler, whom he met for the first time in 1934, he said he "impressed me . . . as much more than a demagogue." He termed his first discussion with Mussolini, the same year, as "crisp and easy."

Stalin impressed him from the first, he says, "and my opinion of his abilities has not wavered. . . . Though I knew the man to be without mercy, I respected the quality of his mind and even felt a sympathy which I have never been able entirely to analyse." After his first meeting with the Russian dictator, in 1935, he reported to the British cabinet that Stalin was: "a man of strong oriental traits of character with unshakable assurance and control, whose courtesy in no way hid from us an implacable ruthlessness."

In 1938, he declared in the House of Commons: "I am certain in my own mind that progress depends . . . on a firm spirit."

Convinced that Neville Chamberlain, then prime minister, would never stand on that "firm spirit," Eden resigned as foreign secretary that same year.

Of his resignation, Winston Churchill wrote: "From midnight till dawn I lay in my bed consumed by emotions of sorrow and fear. There seemed one strong, young figure standing up against long, dismal, drawling tides of

drift and surrender, of wrong measurements and feeble impulses . . . he seemed to me at this moment to embody the life-hope of the British nation. . . . Now he was gone."

Eden's account of those momentous years is fascinatingly candid, with a lot to say to students of international relations today.

The principles **Frank Lloyd Wright** expressed in architecture apply to all the arts. So, as a writer, I have been delighting in *Architecture: Man in Possession of His Earth* (Doubleday, \$10).

In this beautiful book, illustrated with the great architect's work, Wright explains architecture in terms of its basic, common materials: "Architecture must be true to the principle of Unity, the timeless element of beauty that lives in all great works of art. A building must be true to the nature of its site and environment, and to the nature of the materials of which it is composed."

In addition, the volume contains a biography of Wright by his daughter, Iovanna Lloyd Wright.

Mrs. Barnabas has been reading *The Priceless Gift* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95). I have been making my way through *Mr. Wilson's War* (Doubleday, \$6.95). And at meals, we have been comparing notes.

During two years of engagement and almost 30 years of marriage, Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson Wilson were never separated for more than a day or two without writing to each other. After his death, their correspondence was found in the Wilson home in Washington. Now their daughter, **Eleanor Wilson McAdoo**, shares them with us in *The Priceless Gift*. She has selected and edited some of

one world? under God?

These two questions—which together make up the title of the tenth in the series of BASIC CHRISTIAN BOOKS—challenges Christian adults to a closer look at the future. *ONE WORLD UNDER GOD* by Henry E. Kolbe of Garrett Theological Seminary insists that if there is to be one world of men in this nuclear age, it must be one world under God.

What of the conflict of nation with nation, race with race, culture with culture, religion with religion, individual men with other individual men? Is there something ultimate and unchangeable and irreversible in all mankind?

As he probes the answers to these questions, Dr. Kolbe awakens Christians to their personal involvement in world affairs and alerts them to the contribution they can make to world fellowship. He makes the reader keenly aware of the universality and sovereignty of God.



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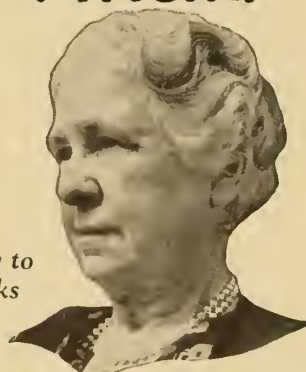
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the most moving love letters and linked them with unassuming narrative into the intimate history of a marriage that never ceased to be a romance.

Here we discover the Wilson his wife knew—ardent, tender, passionate, full of doubts, so dependent on her that the day before she died she made their physician promise that later, "when he will listen," he would tell Wilson that she wanted him to marry again.

That later marriage is a part of John Dos Passos' chronicle of the 20 years that began with the assassination of President McKinley and ended with the defeat of the League of Nations in the U.S. Senate. *Mr. Wilson's War* shows us a president who had almost no interest in foreign affairs, yet played a major role in them when he proposed the League of Nations. It was his desperate campaign for the League, in fact, that broke his health and left him a helpless invalid in the White House.

A part of the *Mainstream of America* series, *Mr. Wilson's War* is a kaleidoscopic narrative. Dos Passos is an accomplished writer, and his word-pictures are vivid. From the standpoint of historical interpretation, however, his book lacks depth.

I hate to admit this to Mrs. Barnabas, but Webb Garrison points out that in the Gospels all the male followers of Jesus, with the exception of Peter, James, and John, are eclipsed by females. And since he is a Methodist minister, I won't argue with him.

Dr. Garrison has written a fresh and appealing account of these women in *Women in the Life of Jesus* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.95). He sees each serving as a unique mirror, reflecting a special aspect of divinity as incarnate in Jesus Christ.

Young people will like his book; so will their elders.

It was Tommy Barnabas' high-school homework that set me to looking for a simple book on Einstein's theory of relativity. Like every man, I like to keep up with my son.

The most recent, and most readable, book I could find was *Einstein: Profile of the Man* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.75). Author Peter Michelmores is, fortunately, not a physicist, and he explains the broad meaning of the great scientist's work in terms that I could understand.

He also gives us a sympathetic picture of the man himself, absorbed in his work, loving his family but unable to give himself to them, passionate crusader for peace, reluctant but hard-working fund raiser for the Zionist movement.

It is ironic that Einstein provided the theoretical base upon which nuclear armaments could be developed. He felt that the world was not ready for

the atom bomb. He said it would be like putting a razor in the hands of a three-year-old child. Nevertheless, in 1939, at the urging of two fellow scientists, he did write to President Roosevelt emphasizing the importance of uranium research. He did not want to, but because of Nazi progress in atomic research he felt he had no choice.

In 1950, in a network telecast, he spoke his mind frankly: "If these efforts [production of the hydrogen bomb] should prove successful, radioactive poisoning of the atmosphere and, hence, annihilation of all life on earth will have been brought within the range of what is technically possible."

The answer to armament, he believed, was a world government.

Through Gavin Maxwell's enchanting *Ring of Bright Water*, two otters named Mij and Edal became known and loved by a large portion of America's readers.

Now a new and shortened edition for children, *The Otters' Tale* (Dutton, \$3.95), includes new photographs and introduces still a third otter pet, Teko. Lucky the young readers whose bookshelves hold it!

"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me" is the key to *Grace and the Searching of Our Heart* (Association Press, \$4), by Charles R. Stinnette, Jr.

The book is a pilgrimage with a professor of pastoral counseling who believes: "We are persons after the mode of heaven. . . . Actually we are in hell when in all things we have our own way."

The goal, then, is to find God with us, for: "To be known to God and to live in a community of such knowledge is to know myself," Dr. Stinnette says.

His book is rewarding Lenten reading.

Don't feel guilty if you have trouble reading the Bible straight through, says Methodist Bishop Everett W. Palmer. "To give the Bible a chance," he suggests, "start where beginners most easily can win success. Begin with a horse you can ride."

I ran across this excellent advice in a collection of 16 of his sermons titled *There Is an Answer* (Abingdon, \$2.75). The reference to a "horse you can ride" comes naturally to the bishop of the Seattle Area. Before he went into the ministry, he worked as a ranch hand in South Dakota, later as a contractor in a gold mine.

As practical in his scholarship as he was on the ranch, he advises the beginning reader to open his Bible first to the story of Bethlehem and the Babe as found in the Gospel of Luke. After that, it would be natural to go on to

NEW BOOKS

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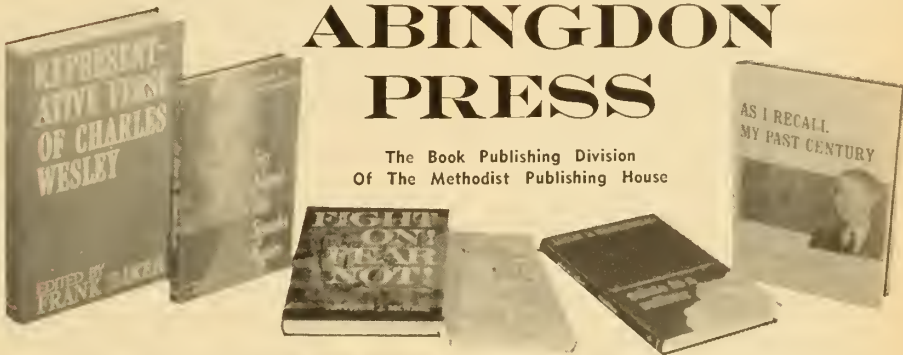
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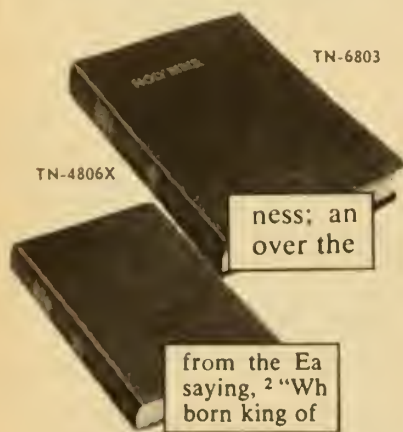
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the other three Gospels, then to the history of the early church as recorded in Acts. Then the not-so-beginning reader might want to turn to the Psalms, then to the letters of Paul, then to the books of the prophets, or to the Book of Job, with its drama of evil and suffering. Last, Bishop Palmer thinks, may be the best time to tackle the opening books of the Bible, with their story of the early history of Israel.

Other chapters of *There Is an Answer* deal with Christian solutions to such questions as: Why trust in God? Why be decent or honorable?

A wise, warm, and delightful picture of the 31st president of the United States emerges in a collection of correspondence between **Herbert Hoover** and American boys and girls *On Growing Up* (Morrow, \$3.50).

The letters, spanning nearly half a century, reflect the former president's views on politics, religion, education, ideals, pets, and the importance of being a child. He writes as a former boy who "grew up on sandlot baseball, swimming holes, and fishing with worms."

To a politically ambitious youngster named Linda, he wrote: "Being a politician is a poor profession. Being a public servant is a noble one. So my advice is to refocus your ambition."

On religion, he told favorite-quotation collector Joyce-Ann: "My favorite quote is the Sermon on the Mount."

Donna, an eighth-grader, asked him how he thought the United States could best help the starving people of the world. He answered: "I think America should use all her surplus food to save people from starving, irrespective of race, religion, or form of government,

providing Americans can be appointed to distribute it. Otherwise, some of it would not reach the hungry people."

To Bill, on retirement, he observed: "I agree that one should not retire from work. If you do you have nothing to talk to your neighbors about except your ills and your pills. They are not interested but want to talk about theirs."

Of his correspondence with the children, Mr. Hoover writes, in his foreword: "Answering these letters . . . has been a great relief from sleepless nights haunted by public anxieties, and they are a restoration of confidence in America's future."

His answers are a human and an intimate expression of a concern that expressed itself in varied ways through his long career of public service—his labors to feed hundreds of millions of hungry children after two World Wars, his calling of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection in 1930, and his leadership for 26 years in the work of the Boys' Clubs of America.

To all the U.S. Navy, but particularly to the men who served on her during World War II, the *USS Enterprise* was more than a ship. Seven times the Japanese claimed to have sunk the valiant aircraft carrier, but her battle stars covered the Pacific before a kamikaze finally knocked her out of the war.

She was largely responsible for turning the tide at Midway, she supported the Marines on Guadalcanal, and she was at Iwo Jima, Truk, Okinawa, and many other Pacific battles. It is not surprising, then, that *The Big E* (Random House, \$7.95) is a hefty vol-

Fresco for MARCH

*Blue-gray patches of old winter ice
stitched to the apron of the brown March fields;
the shining buckets which, like silver shields,
cling to the maples, where in notes precise,
down through the naked woods the thin, sweet song
of sap plays measured tunes in long, bright day,
with tipsy chickadee who in March will say
"phoebe" to make you think the winter's wrong.
The roadside gutters all run full and wild
with melted snow; tan hills against the sky;
every path a puddle for a child
and every cattail swinging redwings high.
In March, do spring and winter always meet
and clasp cold hands while stamping muddy feet.*

—FRANCES STOCKWELL LOVELL

ume. Navy Commander **Edward P. Stafford** does a stirring job of telling the story of the great ship and the brave and competent men who made her a legend of courage and gallantry.

What would you do if you had to lead a regiment of British Redcoats up Bunker Hill, knowing that your revolutionary opponent was likely to toss off such an order as: "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!"?

Cartoonist **Rowland B. Wilson** solves the problem by sending his Redcoats up wearing dark glasses, and they march across the cover of a very funny book of Wilson cartoons.

The Whites of Their Eyes (Dutton, \$3.50) takes us through a sight-seeing tour of incidents in history, du-



"Who's the new man?" Adam asks in this Rowland Wilson cartoon.

bious legends, and interpretations of the present and the future.

Pharaoh's overseer points to a blueprint for the Great Pyramid and remarks: "A little hard work never killed anybody." Robin Hood's merry men return in barrels, explaining: "We just got a dose of our own medicine." And, looking toward the future, a drawing of a suburban street shows a robot complete with briefcase among the home-comers.

There are two kinds of anti-Semites in the United States—the conscious, blatant hater of Jews who actually boasts of prejudice, and the bigot who may be unaware that an anti-Semite impulse is beneath some of his daily actions—say **Benjamin R. Epstein** and **Arnold Forster** in *"Some of My Best Friends . . ."* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$4.50).

They cite the resort-hotel operator who refuses accommodations to Jews not because, "please understand," he personally dislikes Jews but because

"many of my guests insist on the policy." As for himself, why he will tell you, "Some of my best friends are Jews."

We find the neighborhood where a Jewish family cannot buy a home, the school that restricts its Jewish students to a minimum, jobs that are "filled" if a Jewish applicant inquires.

The book does not deal with the professional hatemonger but primarily with the respectable American who discriminates because, the authors say, he has accepted without question a false Jewish stereotype created for him by someone else.

The solution: a determination to reject the distorted image of the Jewish people, which is an image drawn not on the basis of actual characteristics but on the ridiculous assumption that religion makes a people into a single, stereotyped, "different" kind of human, say the authors.

Lin Yutang's family name is Lin. Nevertheless, when people call him "Mr. Yutang," he rather likes it because it is so Chinese. In a nation of 10 million Changs and 10 million Wangs, such a custom developed naturally. But "Mr. Lin" would also be correct. Dr. Lin would be even more correct. He has degrees from three universities.

He writes of Chinese names, Peking warlords, the "crushed fender" school of modern art, dogs in New York, football, Santa Claus, the emotional life of Confucius, buying a toothbrush, the evolution of materialistic philosophy, and other equally unrelated matters in *The Pleasures of a Nonconformist* (World, \$5.95). It is an absorbing blend of wisdom, wit, and sage observation.

"There has been a retreat from individualism, from this faith in the individual's dignity and sovereignty. . . . Something of man has been lost," he says. "Let every man have the courage to think for himself. In this capacity to think . . . to refuse to believe in humbugs, lies the true motive force of all human progress."

American women who dream of living in the Orient, where one can have a servant for \$20 a month, will be surprised to learn that Chinese women love our do-it-yourself society. "You can't have servant problems when you have no servants," they say, and they have learned it is fascinating to mess about in the kitchen.

In discussing intuitive and logical thinking, Dr. Lin, who is a Christian (his father was a Presbyterian minister in China), contrasts symbolic, intuitive thinking with logical thinking by citing the parables of Jesus and the teachings of the theologians: Jesus' words "were warm, intimate, personal, for he spoke from the fullness of the knowledge and love of God."—BARNABAS

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Letters

We Didn't Check Our Map

MRS. ARSELIA B. SWISHER
Hamilton, Mont.

Your December, 1962, cover [Chartres Cathedral stained-glass window] is very



Chartres Window: We misplaced it!

fine. We need more of that type of Christian art pictures.

Chartres Cathedral is not in Paris, as was stated erroneously on page 5, but in Chartres, France, 55 miles southwest of Paris. It is named Notre Dame, meaning dedicated to Mary or "Our Lady," not to be confused with the famous Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. The Chartres Cathedral was built mostly between 1194 and 1260, and is famous for its spires, stained-glass windows, and sculptures.

Congratulations on our splendid magazine. I am very critical of magazines, but TOGETHER is packed with worthwhile stuff and superior illustrations. Floyd Johnson's pictures are most excellent.

Thanks for the correction. We ought to have looked at a map.—EDITORS.

Would She Cover Their Faces?

CARRIE A. BROWN
Hagaman, N.Y.

I enjoyed the November cover and articles, but that December cover is a monstrosity. Must the Three Kings look ferocious and all alike? They look

scared to death. We should have more sermons, fewer current events. We get that elsewhere.

We Didn't Mean to Be Suburban

CONSTANCE BUDDENBERG
Gothenburg, Nebr.

I am surprised you say Chartres Cathedral is in Paris. Has Chartres become a suburb of Paris? Even if the big city has spread considerably, there must be 35 miles between.

I love the pictures in TOGETHER. And I love such writing as *God Cries With Me* [December, 1962, page 15].

It Looks Horrid to Him

ARTHUR D. HOLTRY, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Maquoketa, Iowa

May I protest the horrid picture on the December, 1962, front cover. If this is a Protestant production, someone needs to rediscover the joy of Christmas. If it is not, it might be well to find some pleasant pictures that appeal to modern Christians.

Bouquet From Non-Methodist

MRS. L. P. ANDERSON
Monticello, Ind.

Though not a member of The Methodist Church, I borrowed the November, 1962, issue of TOGETHER. I was amazed that it appeals to both young and old, and covers a vast variety of subjects.

Thank you especially for *In Everything Give Thanks* [page 15] and *Five Kernels of Corn* [page 33].

It was a pleasure to have this distinguished visitor in my home.

It Was Easy!

MRS. JOHN F. REEVES
Staten Island, New York

Thanks for helping us find such a delightful Thanksgiving guest! Let me explain:

Several years ago you printed our daughter Connie's name and address in TOGETHER's pen-pal list. Among the letters she received was one from Marie Briggs of Klamath Falls, Oreg. The girls had much in common and exchanged several letters, but in their high-school senior year both became so busy they stopped writing.

Last fall, when Connie entered Smith

College in Northampton, Mass., she was pleasantly surprised to find Marie's name on the freshman list. Although the two girls are not in the same classes and do not live in the same house, they now are intimate friends. In fact, Marie came home with Connie for Thanksgiving weekend, and we all like her very much.

Delayed—But Always Welcome!

KENNETH and IWEETA McINTOSH
Methodist Missionaries
Hong Kong

We have been moving so much lately (from Connecticut to Texas then on to here) that only now have the excellent September, October, and November issues of TOGETHER finally caught up with us. We were so happy that we sat down and read late into the night.

As a former pastor of a Family Plan church, Lake Highlands, Dallas, Texas, for six years, I know how much TOGETHER means to a congregation and to its pastor.

We hope to be able to share our TOGETHERS with friends and co-workers here. If readers have issues to spare, we could use them. Hong Kong is an area in transition. Many young people are learning English in schools, but have nothing to read other than textbooks.

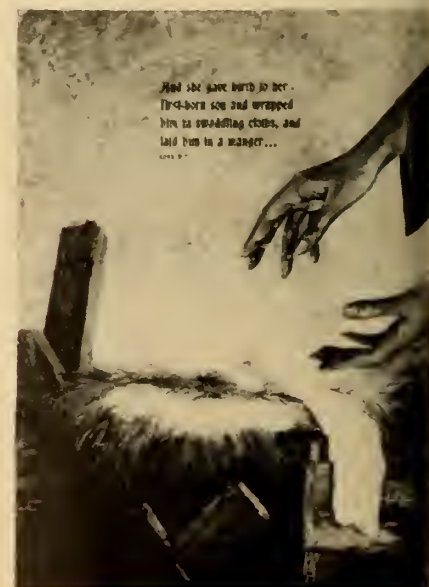
Readers may address back copies of TOGETHER to the Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth B. McIntosh, Church Development Missionaries, Board of Missions of The Methodist Church, 22 Hennessy Road, Hong Kong, B.C.C.—EDITORS.

Should We Reprint?

HERMAN R. CARSON, Ret. Minister
Muncie, Ind.

Congratulations on a beautiful Christmas issue. Its historical allusions, fiction, practical financial advice, timely warning of the dangers of communism,

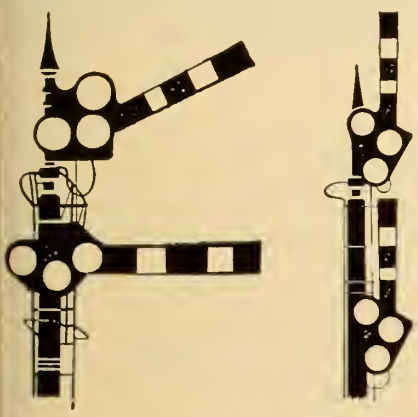
The manger scene, by Floyd Johnson.



and the beautiful art work of Floyd A. Johnson are outstanding.

I hope that the *Christmas Story* [page 37] is reproduced in pamphlet form. The Annunciation is in beautiful color and a splendid blending of the ancient and the modern; the manger cradle scene is imaginative; and the visit of the Magi is superb, for it centers on the heart of the story in showing the gifts, the hands, and the Child.

Printing costs much money, especially when it is full color. We'd like to know what other readers think of Dr. Carson's suggestion.—EDITORS.



We Ran a Red Light

JAMES E. DEMLOW
Marion, Ohio

The semaphore signals with *Clear Block, Green Board!* [December, 1962, page 62] do not indicate that track condition. As the top arm is a bit below the 45-degree angle, it would seem a train had just passed and the arm still was falling from vertical (green) to horizontal (red).

If the arm were at 45 degrees, it would indicate yellow over red—a restrictive "proceed with caution." Single red under some circumstances can mean "stop, then proceed prepared to stop short."

Re: Raines on Russia

MARVIN G. PURSINGER,
Associate Professor
University of Minnesota
Morris, Minnesota

As usual, I read my mother's *TOGETHER*—and now would like to comment on Bishop Raines' piece *Russia in Paradox* [January, page 14].

His impression that the Soviet government simply does not make paper available for sufficient Bibles is true. But what the bishop does not say is that paper is scarce. Bread may cost double if wrapped. School children do not have as much as they need. Even *Pravda*, while printed in large numbers, does not furnish each party member with a copy. Rolls of toilet paper are so rare that tourists would be well advised to take their personal supply.

It is true also that women outnumber men greatly in Russian churches. They do also in America. And there are numbers of smaller children, but an absence of teen-agers and youth in the early '20s, at worship. Here I suggest also are similarities with American church attendance.

No one can be in Moscow long and not be saddened by the inadequacy of buildings for housing, public purposes, or industry. Churches are in disrepair, as the bishop notes, but so is virtually every other building. The war hurt Moscow badly.

The government proposes, however, to have a private apartment for every family by 1970.

In his section "What must we do?" Bishop Raines lists military strength, knowledge of the world's revolutions, better race relations, then reliance on God by intensifying our personal efforts to be more like Christ. With these priorities I concur—in exactly the reverse order.

Social Creed Not Changed

ROGER BURGESS, Assoc. Gen. Secy.
Board of Christian Social Concerns
Washington, D.C.

Thanks for the fine coverage of the meeting of the Division of Temperance and General Welfare of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns [Methodist Temperance Agency Seeks to Broaden Work Field, December, 1962, page 72].

One point of clarification: the division is not "seeking responsibility for the Church" but is fulfilling a responsibility assigned by the General Conference and spelled out in the *Discipline*.

Also, the Social Creed was not changed. This can be done only by the General Conference. The Division will recommend the revision reported in your news story.


Sorry. We erred in the wording. The news story should have said "the division recommended revision of the Social Creed."—EDITORS.

We Can Say 'Grace' for Another

W. E. THAYER
Wenatchee, Wash.

The story, *When Father Couldn't Say Grace* [August, 1962, page 23] was very good. I've come in contact with many deaf mutes, and they all like to be treated as human beings.

One such is J. B. Lucas of Oroville, Wash., who can't hear or talk. His oil paintings and murals of Western scenes and wildlife are equal to many of Frederic Remington's and Charles M. Russell's. [See sketch of cowboy artist Russell, *Let's Get Acquainted*, July, 1958, page 72, and his famous oil painting of a celebrated Methodist missionary to the Indians, William Wesley Van



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Orsdel, 'Brother Van' Shooting Buffalo, July, 1958, page 38.]

It seems strange that a church magazine should have such excellent color photos. Being a photographer, I consider them much better than those I see in most photo magazines.

Smith 'Recommended Reading'

W. R. KNEALE

Toledo, Ohio

Congratulations and appreciation for the most timely and awakening article by Dr. Roy L. Smith, *If the Communists Take Over in the United States* [December, 1962, page 24].

Our pastor, the Rev. Chester V. Chambers, listed it as recommended reading in the weekly bulletin of St. John's Methodist Church.

. . . An Ideological Battle

THOMAS E. CURTIS

Centralia, Mo.

Congratulations on printing *If the Communists Take Over in the United States*. Only a small minority of church people is aware of the threat of communism. Let's tell our people more truth about the evil that seeks to destroy Christianity and our nation.

I believe an unbiased study will reveal that great as the threat of force may seem, greater still is the unremitting threat of the communist ideological attack.

May God help us to win the victory.

Faith Is the Answer . . .

MRS. R. H. JACKSON

Rowan, Iowa

Roy L. Smith's article is both weak and unrealistic for a time of crisis. Even many military men agree that war would leave no victors.

Studies show that strongly religious persons do not respond to brainwashing. Thus the only possibility that communism could take over the U.S. would be if we had no faith to counter it.

Living a true Christian life is our answer to communism, so we all should wake up and commit our lives to Christ.

How the Russians Might See Us

EDWARD L. PEET, Pastor

Central Methodist Church
Sacramento, Calif.

Dr. Roy L. Smith's article on the Communists deals with an option for Americans about as likely as an invasion from Mars. No sober student of the USSR and the USA who keeps his awareness of conditions under which communism has prevailed anywhere, and of the adaptability of American society to peaceful change, can give this oft-repeated threat the slightest credence. Leave that to the Birchers!

A calm view is that each of these

systems changes and will change by the erosions of history. A USSR writer might compose a parallel ode: *If the Americans Take Over the USSR*. He could warn his countrymen against our special sins: (1) slaughter on the highways, (2) sex run amuck, (3) Hollywoodism, (4) men profiting from the labor of other men, (5) five million unemployed, (6) religion without morality, (7) anti-intellectualism, (8) hoodlumism among juveniles, (9) breakdown of the family, (10) practical materialism.

Church Too Complacent?

MRS. GRACE R. BAILEY

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

If Roy L. Smith's points are valid, as I know they are, why is our church so complacent over communism? Even our bishops continue to seek peace, when there is no peace.

Why is it considered wrong to fight back in their own fashion if it can deter them, instead of continually refusing to face realities?

I hope and pray that our church leaders can come to a better realization of the grave peril confronting us.

For Better Understanding of Reds

If the Communists Take Over in the United States is a condensation of Roy L. Smith's recent book, *The Future Is Upon Us* (Abingdon, \$3.50), which may account for some difficulties in grasping the larger context of the author's theme. For this reason, a brief explanation by Dr. Smith is printed below.—EDITORS.

In the book I attempted to say that the American people, and particularly the Christian church, must make no mistake in understanding what kind of a foe we face in communism. I described what would happen in event of a communist take-over.

Whatever the method we use in confronting communism, we ought to know the techniques of communist conflict. I have not discussed "massive retaliation" or any other method of combat; I have only attempted to estimate the foe.

I agree that the yearnings of the underdeveloped areas constitute a grave responsibility of the Christian church and of the American people. But in view of the fact that communism has taken over the life and destinies of Hungary and Tibet, and now is threatening India, isn't it high time that we recognize the extent of the problem?

—ROY L. SMITH

Huguenot, He's Appreciative

C. M. GOETHE

Sacramento, Calif.

I am grateful for Florida Commemorates Landing 400 Years Ago of French Protestants Seeking Religious Freedom



In Florida: Huguenot pageantry.

[December, 1962, page 2]. Both parents of my wife (Mary Glide Goethe of Glide Memorial Church, San Francisco) were of Huguenot blood, and my French grandparents were Huguenot descendants.

Are You a Huguenot?

CLIFFORD C. GREGG, President

Chicago Natural History Museum
Chicago, Ill.

I am delighted with the notice of the early attempt at settlement by Admiral Jean Ribault.

It occurs to me that anyone who is a descendant of one of the early Huguenots who fled France prior to the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration, November 28, 1787, might be interested in membership in the National Huguenot Society and the appropriate state society. For information, write Mrs. D. Dorsey Wolf, Registrar General, The National Huguenot Society, Jericho Manor, Apt. 141, Jenkintown, Pa.

Joyous Surprise Meeting

MRS. HELEN SMITH

Dover, N.H.

I was delighted recently when catching up on back issues to find in *Unusual Methodists* [August, 1962, page 26] a picture and story of the dad of our own beloved Judy McCausland.

New Hampshire Conference will never be the same since she has left, for she was an inspiring worker.

Judith Rae McCausland was executive secretary of the New Hampshire Conference Board of Education until her marriage June 23 to the Rev. Donald E. Hall, pastor of Campbell Avenue Methodist Church, Detroit.—EDITORS.

Are We Heading Toward Rome?

MRS. DORIS ROSENBERG

Chicago, Ill.

Is Roman Catholicism creeping into our churches? *Unique Girls Organization* [News, October, 1962, page 69]

tells about memorial lights being placed in belfry windows. This is lovely, but as I understand the report the lights will be turned on for special occasions (christenings, weddings, in memory of loved ones) on request. I feel that church furnishings should be for the use of all at no additional cost to members.

The term "sister" (used by the girls in addressing one another) is so much a part of Roman Catholicism, it makes me wonder.

To clarify this question, we asked the founder of the Paulas to comment. A portion of her reply follows.—Eds.

Methodist, Not Roman

MRS. MARTHA SCHUESSLER
La Fayette, Ala.

If Roman Catholicism is creeping into our churches, the Paulas have no part in it. With the help of God and 12 girls, I organized the Paulas in October, 1960.

Our memorial lights, a gift to the church, burn every night, reminding all who pass of the house of God. We are grateful for donations, but make no charge for the lights.

Not wishing to call one another "miss," the Paulas decided to use the term "sister." As Christians, we all are brothers and sisters, terms used by St. Paul. The Paulas' devotionals are taken from his Letters. Reverence and formalism are stressed at the meetings.

Cold Shoulder at Open House

MRS. H. C. BRUMMOND
Hutchinson, Minn.

In the same mail as our December *TOGETHER*, which bore many letters decrying formalism in Protestant churches, came this note from my sister:

"Daisy and I attended the open house at our new \$25,000 parsonage. We had dressed in our Sunday best, expecting to chat a bit with the minister's family and other members of the church. Not so. We were hurried through the front

hall, into the back passage, handed a cookie and a cup of punch, and then hustled out the rear door. The living rooms all were roped off and the minister and his wife stood within the pale, politely shaking hands across the barrier!"

'Just What Is Worship?'

DAVE DRAINE, *Pastor*
Lancaster Charge
Lively, Va.

I would like to ask the lady from Athens, Ga. [*Letters*, December, 1962, page 8], just what she means by "preliminaries" in worship? In fact, I might ask her just what worship is.

She speaks of the many other parts of worship, such as the hymns, responsive readings, and so on, as merely something to get out of the way before the all-important sermon. Every part of a worship service, if it is done with dignity and with an attitude of expectancy, can be blessed with the presence of God's ever-working Holy Spirit.

'Formalism More Than Liturgy'

J. RAY NEISER, *Pastor*
The Methodist Church
Lacrosse, Wash.

I take issue with R. P. Marshall's statements in the *Powwow Too Much Formalism in Our Church Services* [October, 1962, page 24]. He pleads for "proper liturgy." Formalism covers much more than liturgy.

I grant that Methodism began "within the body of a strong, well-established church," but John Wesley and his enthusiastic followers were ushered out. That church remained cold and sterile.

The most formal communions today are making the least advances numerically, and showing the poorest per capita giving. Denominations most like early Methodism—Assembly of God, Evangelical Covenant, and so on—are at the top of the list.

Mr. Neiser will be particularly interested in seeing *Too Easy to Be a Methodist Today?* the *Powwow* coming up in the special May issue commemorating the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's Aldersgate experience.—Ebs.

More on Amazing Dr. Soper

JOHN LAWSON, *Professor*
Candler School of Theology
Emory University
Atlanta, Ga.

As a British Methodist minister who works here in America, I was naturally interested and gratified to read in *TOGETHER* of the personality and work of Dr. Donald Soper [*British Methodism's Amazing Dr. Soper*, December, 1962, page 21]. Since the death of the noted clergyman-author Dr. William

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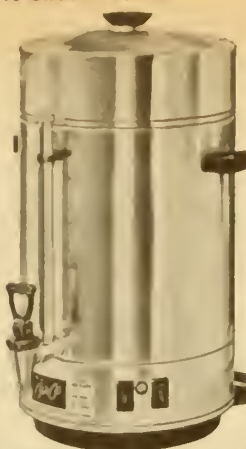
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was eloquently silent regarding one
quite important feature—the fact that
the inspiration of Dr. Soper's great
ministry is that he is a Christian
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In America, it is tacitly assumed that
socialism is halfway to communism.
Whatever may be the case in some
places, this is not true of British demo-
cratic Socialism. The British Labor
Party is in fact the chief bulwark
against communism in my country, and
there is nothing which the handful of
British Communists would more like to
do than to discredit it and split it up.

There are many thoughtful British
who certainly do not want to break
with America, who also do not wish to
be completely tied to the United States
in the present bitter Soviet-U.S. rivalry.
The "Ban the Bomb" movement, of
which Dr. Soper is a prominent leader
and which arouses so much passionate
enthusiasm among some sections of
British youth, is a leading symptom
of this attitude, with which the U.S.
will have to take serious account.

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on our second cover [see FIRE!]. Examples of
the second can usually be found in any young
husband's wallet, including that of our
photographer.*

*A lady we know, buying new glasses, could
not decide by looking through blank frames
which type best suited her personality. She
took several pairs home and had her husband
photograph her in each. With the pictures
spread out before her, she made a choice.*

*Another friend, house-hunting, photographed
each prospective new home, and from this
catalog of views, he and his wife made their
decision. But he did not stop there. They
wanted the floor plan reversed, so to visualize
clearly how it would look, he took another
series of interior pictures and reversed the
prints. With these, they could see what to
expect—and they liked it.*

*So remember, there are more uses for a
camera than just photographing a news event
or your new baby.*

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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HOBBY ALLEY

Delves Into Light

VERSEABILITY

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours.*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SO WROTE THE poet. Right he was, for our day, too. But while many persons blindly scurry to get and spend, untold thousands do pause to savor the wonders of life and the world around them.

We know this from TOGETHER's many readers who relish poetry. Some of these hobbyists write verse, some collect it, and many—such as ministers and lay church workers—clip poetry to send with letters and cards to the ill and the bereaved.

There are those, of course, who chide poetry as worthless. It does not earn a great deal of money for individuals (except a very few outstanding poets and the writers of lyrics for popular songs). But did you know that writing a poem saved one man's life?

The Englishman, Robert Graves, swears to that. He had been wounded in World War I and afterward was stricken by influenza, which in those days killed thousands. While he was desperately ill, he obstinately set his mind on getting a poem exactly right. He adds, "By the 35th draft, I had all but solved this and was tottering about on a stick. *The Troll's Nosegay* saved my life."

Powerful medicine, that poetry!

While none of our hobbyists will go quite that far, some of them assert that the love of good poetry has helped them keep emotional balance in times of stress.

How do poets get their inspiration? Mrs. Roland Braun was perched atop a tractor, discing a field surrounded by tall trees, hills, and blue sky near her home in Washburn, Ill., one spring day in 1961. She recalls:

"I felt fenced in from the ways of

the world. And there I had a little talk with God. I seemed to be without any special task in the church. Since that day in the field, I have felt keenly the need to write and to share my prayers and poems."

Here's a sample of her writing:

*It is not so much that we give a gift;
But to gladden a heart and a soul to lift.
It doesn't mean so much to say we care;
But we show our feelings by the way we share.*

She had written verse, after a fash-

ion, since childhood—but this was different.

Mrs. Braun's views are echoed by another poetry buff, the Rev. Loyd E. Williams, pastor of Memorial Methodist Church, Monroe, La. He says,

"I believe God speaks to anyone in his hobby, if he relaxes enough to listen—regardless of whether he writes, carves, or paints."

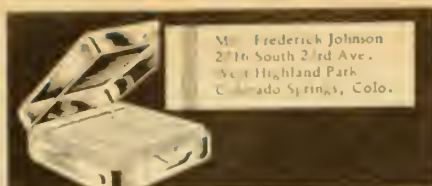
But it seems that a woman, man, or child can be moved by the Muses, whether relaxing or trying to jam an extra chore into an already packed schedule.

One reader had assistance from a horse in penning her stanzas. Mrs.

*"While many persons blindly scurry
to get and spend, untold thousands do pause
to savor the wonders of life . . ."*



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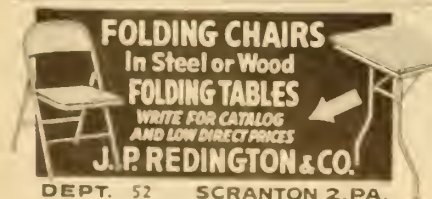
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Maude Olney, 81, of Des Moines, Iowa, says, "There are parts of long poems one likes to memorize. I used to do this back around 1912 in South Dakota, when I was teaching school and rode horseback to and from classes every day."

The clip-clop of the horse's hooves provided a steady rhythm that made memorizing and composing easy. Here's one of her own poems, *Spring Out of Winter*:

*Spring came to us out of winter—
Brought beauty and flowers' aroma;
Hope came to us, out of despair—
Brought new life and purpose, from
coma;
Without winter, no springtime ere
came,
Without darkness, no light shows its
flame.*

Consider another homemaker who has been inspired to collect poems by close contact with the good earth: Mrs. Mary Albin of Tuscola, Ill. The mother of two—a teen-aged son and an older daughter—she drives a tractor and helps with other farm work during the busy season—and cans hundreds of quarts of vegetables and fruits in the evenings.

Among her favorite poems are *Your Love for God* and *Offer a Prayer*, both by James J. Metcalfe.

These typical instances of how TOGETHER readers look to poetry for inspiration prove that a person does not have to sit starry-eyed in a vine-shrouded bower for the soul to take a deep breath and pour forth subtle sublimities.

Nor does the versifier or poetry lover have to be adult. Interest in poetry is surprisingly easy to find among members of the rock-and-roll generation, too.

Two of our typical young poetry-hobbyists are Susan Good of Williamsport, Pa., and David C. Craley, 19, of Ripley, N.Y. Miss Good has collected about 4,000 poems and glued them in loose-leaf notebooks. Her prized possession, however, is *The Poetic Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary*, copyrighted in 1865. She bought the leather-bound volume at an auction for 25¢.

Here's a sample of Miss Good's own poetry "that keeps running through her head":

*Like a ray
Of infinity
You pierced the blackness
Of my life,
Illumining it with—gray.*

David Craley is interested only in writing, and says he tries to capture "in words a momentary pinnacle of emotion that might otherwise pass and be forgotten."

One of our hobbyists who produces great quantities of poetry is Mrs. Dorothy M. Klinger of Akron, Ohio. Mother of five children ranging in age from 5 to 19 years, she's kept busy, too, with church work. She and her husband, Joseph, are members of the commission on missions at First Church, Methodist, in neighboring Barberton. Here are the last six lines of *God's Impossible Task*, one of her family-style poems:

*You put the wag in puppies' tails;
You put the wind in brother's sails.
You often make a rainbow glow,
And make the winding creek to flow.
But if do all of this you could,
Why can't you make me just be good?*

Both writing and collecting poetry have been credited with providing relaxation, spiritual inspiration, moral uplift, and comfort in times of sickness and loneliness. One who testifies along these lines is Mrs. Jewel Murphy, a grandmother who teaches kindergarten moppets in Odin, Ill. (population 1,242). She says:

"I have had a very turbulent life and without such poems as Longfellow's *Rainy Day*, Jan Peerce's *Blue Bird of Happiness*, and the beautiful, comforting lines of the immortal Fanny Crosby, I might have lost faith in God or had a nervous breakdown."

After her name appeared in *Name Your Hobby* in August, 1960, she received letters from many interesting people—some of whom have become lasting friends. Among them, she recalls, were "a leper in the Philippines, a candy 'butch' with Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus, a comedienne in a Tennessee Williams' play, a retired musician, and scores of amateur poets, ministers, teachers, and home-makers. They shared with me their religious beliefs, as virtually all of them were devout Methodists."

Besides collecting favorite verses in huge scrapbooks, Mrs. Murphy likes to write what she calls "just doggerel." One of her quatrains appeared on page 10 of the December, 1960, TOGETHER.

Miles away, and of another generation, we find a hobbyist who says, "Poetry has helped to make my life lovely all along the way—and I was 70 on my last birthday in December."

She's Mrs. Lila Gallup Kinney of Dover Foxcroft, Maine, who adds:

"In my day, Friday afternoons were devoted to poetry and recitation thereof. Each child was expected to memorize a poem through the week and then to recite it on Friday. No excuses were acceptable. And how I enjoyed those afternoons!"

Mrs. Kinney feels there's a new interest in poetry stirring in the land. She points to evidence in her own region.

where the University of Maine observes a poetry hour each week, open to the public, and last year there was a TV course of poetry study by Colby College. Here's one of Mrs. Kinney's poems, called *When Trees Pray*:

*One silvery birch on a rugged hill,
Gracefully standing, prayerful, still;
With roots firmly planted in cool,
green sod,
Leaves whisper softly of beauty and
God.*

But what is poetry? Some say it's a hobby, while others insist it's a profession, and still others say it's "too intellectual" to be a hobby.

Keats said, "Poetry is distilled prose," but Poe, Coleridge, Disraeli, Belloc, and all the others have had a few words for it, too. It has been called "a sense of stilled singing," "a harmony in the soul," and, perhaps best of all, "a momentary stay against confusion."

Webster defines poetry as "the embodiment in appropriate language of beautiful or high thought, imagination, or emotion, the language being rhythmic, usually metrical, and adapted to arouse feelings and imagination."

Among our readers whose poems have earned special recognition are the Rev. Edward Johnson of Reno, Pa., who won a contest in *Explorer Magazine* a few years ago; Mrs. Sherry Wempen of Moweaqua, Ill., winner of several limerick contests; and William Beyer of Kankakee, Ill., who won the Amy Hempstead Branch Lyric Award of 1958; the Poetry Achievement Award of 1959, sponsored by the *Writer Magazine*; and has twice won the College Contest held by *Lyric*. Here's a sample of Beyer's work:

*Bolt the sash on winter moon,
That with a hermit's eye
I never see the festive way
The snow woods lie.*

In the boat docks, there's the swish-and-sigh of paint brushes, covering weathered planks. Windows gleam new-clean in the sunlight and prim starched curtains waft circles of violet scent in the air. Ah, the vigor of new life and spring . . . ah, poetry.

—DOROTHY ARNS

As additional reading, we suggest: *Poetry* (magazine of the Modern Poetry Association), 1018 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription, \$6 per year, for 12 issues.

Poet's Choice (Dial Press, New York, \$6.95). Edited by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland.

American Poetry and Poetics (Anchor Books, Garden City, N. Y., \$1.45). Edited by Daniel G. Hoffman.

Name Your Hobby

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HUMOR: Doris G. Mumma, 2725 Arnolds Rd., Des Moines 10, Iowa (collecting jokebooks).

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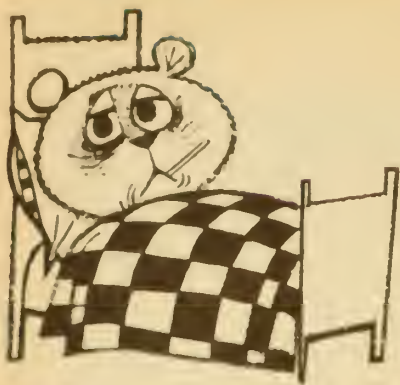
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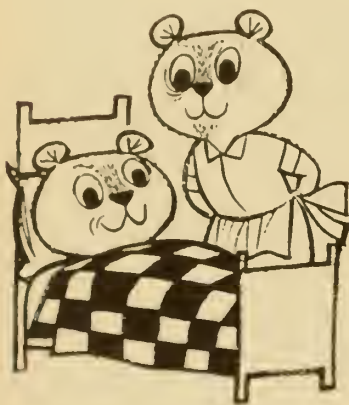
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Colds

*I wonder if bears have to stay in bed
Whenever they get a cold in the head?*

*I wonder if they get medicine drops
And fruit juice to drink
'til the sniffing stops?*



*I just hope they have mothers like mine
To help them get to feeling fine.*

—GINA BELL-ZANO

In A Word

*How many sit upon a throne?
What is the weight of one huge stone?
What part of a clock is found in sticks?
What lollipop part is found in clicks?
How many fingers fit in mittens?
What Western hero is found in kittens?
What part of a dog is in a wagon?
What kind of cloth is in a dragon?
What bird is always in a crowd?
What kind of noise is in a cloud?*



Answers: One, ton, tick, lick, ten, Kit, wag, rag, crow, loud.

—JEAN CARPENTER MORGARD

David Stevens

THE CLIMATE

Old Melody
Arrangement by Dorothy Arns

1. We sing of the
2. The Croc-o-dile
3. Now we poor un-

Po-lar Bear
lives in the
for-tun-ates

fear-less and
trop-i-cal
live in a

bold, — He
belt, — And
clime — That

nev-er feels
neith-er the
calls for at

hot and he
cold nor the
least three full

nev-er feels
heat ev-er
suits at a

cold, — Be-
felt, — Be-
time: — A

cause where he
cause in the
thick one and

lives sum-mer
win-ter his
thin one for

nev-er oc-
sum-mers be-
days cold and

curs, — And the
gin, — And the
hot, — And a

rest of the
rest of the
me-di-um

year he wears
year he wears
weight for the

plen-ty of
croc-o-dile
days that are

furs.
skin.
not.

Chorus

Too - ra - lee
Too - ra - lee
Too - ra - lee

Too - ra - lay
Too - ra - lay
Too - ra - lay

And the
And the
And a

rest of the
rest of the
me-di-um

year he wears
year he wears
weight for the

plen-ty of
croc-o-dile
days that are

furs.
skin.
not.

furs.
skin.
not.

From Twice 55 Songs, by permission, Summy-Birchard Publishing Co.



Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

No Sermon Intended . . . but when we read *The Sermon I'll Never Forget* on page 51, we were reminded of how **W. Somerset Maugham**, the noted author, summed up some of the things he had learned during a long, eventful lifetime. "Goodness," he wrote, "is the only value that seems in this world of appearances to have any claim to be an end in itself. Virtue is its own reward. I am ashamed to have reached so commonplace a conclusion. With my instinct for effect, I should have liked to end my book with some startling and paradoxical announcement, or with a cynicism that my readers would have recognized with a chuckle as characteristic. It seems I have little more to say than can be read in any copybook or heard from any pulpit. I have gone a long way round to discover what everyone knew already."

Without Claim to Distinction . . . we understand, was **Steve Holcomb**, the Iowa farmer, who told **Mrs. Peryl Wade Parsons** about the unforgettable sermon. "He was just an average man who led an exemplary life," the author writes. "I knew him in a casual way, and he gave me this story to illustrate how a child may be influenced by seemingly small things." Strange, isn't it, that an undistinguished country preacher in an almost empty church on a rainy Sunday morning long ago could show a self-conscious farm boy what the distinguished Mr. Maugham was a long time learning? From that minor incident, goodness spread in ever-widening circles through Steven Holcomb's life, and now the message and the lesson of an hour in church finds its way to TOGETHER's readers.

Here, There, and Everywhere . . . Two years have passed since we talked to **Bishop Newell S. Booth** of the Congo in a Chicago hotel room [see *We're Back in the Congo*, March, 1961, page 15]. Because this fine Christian leader and the church have faced many crises since then, Bishop Booth returns to bring us up to date with *Late Word from the Congo* on page 14 . . . *The Twelve Disciples* [October, 1957, page 34] and *Women of the Bible* [December, 1958, page 35] were inspirational landmarks among TOGETHER's color pages, we think, and **Mrs. Suné Richards** is back this month with more photo-paintings: her *Children of the Old Testament* [page 35]. Sets of most of these are available through Cokesbury Book Stores . . . First off, **Mrs. Emily C. Harris** of Chevy Chase, Md., sent us a rather brief version of *Blueberry Pancakes, Indeed!* [page 49]. We returned it with a note: "too short"—but it wasn't long before the expanded manuscript turned up in our morning mail. If we still wanted a longer version, Mrs. Harris advised, she would be glad to oblige, "given a few more Sundays' experience."



Indian Art & an Indian's Prayer . . . We wanted to share the complete prayer with you in the two color pages that follow. We even had it in type, but the unbreakable bonds of lead that bind the dimensions of a printed page made only a short excerpt possible. While the prayer usually is attributed to **Chief Yellow Lark** of the Seattle Indians, the author is actually unknown, according to the Rev. **George Walker** of Phoenix, Arizona, who corresponded with the chief. "He told us that he did not write the prayer," Mr. Walker advises, adding that the chief died before he could secure the name of the author.—YOUR EDITORS.

TOGETHER Editorial and Advertising Offices: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. Phone: 229-4411.

TOGETHER Business, Subscription Offices: 201 Eighth Ave., So., Nashville 3, Tenn. CHapel 2-1621
TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

TOGETHER is "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding cover date.

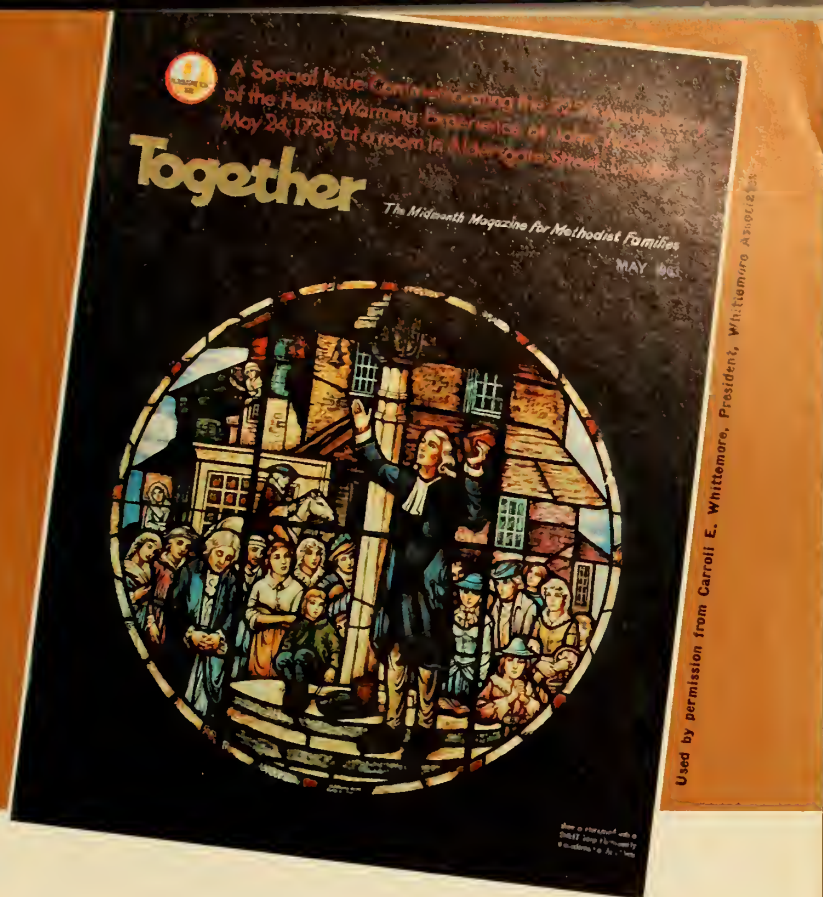
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PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS . . .

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Front Cover—Wesley Preaching in the Market place.

“What Happened at Aldersgate,” a full color spread with brief summary of “The Man,” “The Place,” “The Event,” and “The Result.”

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- “Too Easy to Be a Methodist Today?” The May Powwow.
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Jesus at

The Annunciation,
as visioned by
the Cheyenne: Gabriel
carries a typical Indian flute
when he reveals to Mary
her forthcoming role
as mother of Jesus.



THOUSANDS of years before Christ was born in Bethlehem, Indian tribes were roaming North America. Suppose Jesus had walked the Great Plains with them, instead of the plains of Galilee far away? Because Dick West, a Cheyenne artist and devout Christian, had often thought about this, he began work on a unique series of paintings intended to express the universality of Christ. In addition, he hoped to share with other Indian Americans his own faith and the joy found in the Christian way of life.

When Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount, the Cheyenne were living in tepees, dressing themselves in

deerskin, and hunting with bow and arrow. Their life would change little before the white man arrived. Although religious by nature, they did not believe in one God. They sensed that the mysteries of life came from a Power which often showed itself in living things.

One prayer attributed to Yellow Lark begins with this reverent supplication "O Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me: I am a man before you, one of your many children. I am small and weak. I need your strength and wisdom..."

Dick West's Christ is black-haired and copper-skinned, as are his own people. His colorful paintings illustrate

Christ's life—but with the costumes, customs, and scenic backgrounds of the Cheyenne of America's Great Plains.

Dick West—known by his people as Wah-Pah-Nah-Yah, meaning Light Foot—heads the art department of Bacone College at Muskogee, Okla., and is recognized as a leading artist of the Southwest. Born in western Oklahoma, he attended a reservation school and Haskell Institute, studied art at Bacone under the tutelage of a prominent Indian artist, Acee Blue Eagle, and then became the first Indian to receive a bachelor of arts degree from the University of Oklahoma.

The impulse which prompts the imaginative artist to remove Christ from the traditional Holy Land and place him in an environment best known to the painter himself is a tradition almost as old as religious art itself. It would seem to indicate a yearning by artists to bring the Savior and his teachings even closer to themselves and to their own people. This Dick West has admirably done.

The Ascension: The "Spirit horse" is an anachronism since American Indians did not have horses until they were brought from Europe by the Spanish conquistadors.



ten by an Indian Artist

The Last Supper: Christ and his buckskin-clad disciples gather in a Great Plains Indian tepee rather than an Upper Room.



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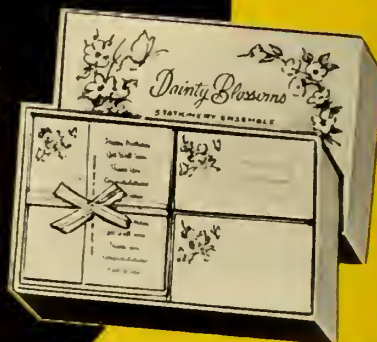
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Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR
 Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1963

NY and NYE Churches Ready for Crusade



Newburgh News Photo

Some of the participants in the recent Convocation on the Christian Ministry.

Bishop Wicke Urges Careful Choice of Vocations

Bishop Wicke appealed to nearly 200 students at the Convocation on the Christian Ministry in Newburgh (N.Y.) not to drift into some job but to "choose a vocation with care."

He advised them to give the ministry serious thought.

His address closed a two-day session at the Newburgh Hotel and First Church which included group discussions of various phases of the ministry.

Other speakers were Paul Dietzel, West Point athletic coach; the Rev. Clark W. Hunt of Westfield (N.J.) and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor emeritus of Christ Church, New York City.

Shown in the picture above are four of the participants in the convocation. Left to right are Dr. Merrill Johnson, host pastor; Dr. Sockman, Bishop Wicke, and Dr. John M. Pearson, chairman.

Start World's Fair Center

Dr. Charles L. Warren, pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church in New York City and president of the Manhattan Division of the Protestant Council participated in the ground-breaking ceremony for the World's Fair Protestant Center.

Shown at right are (left to right) Dr. Phillip A. Johnson, National Lutheran Council; Robert Moses, World's Fair president; Dr. Warren; Emilio Knechtle, board president; and Dr. Arthur Lee Kinsolving, president of the Protestant Council.

Paging Mr. Price

The Hymn Society of America would like to learn the address of Sherman Price, son of the late Carl Fowler Price, a Methodist layman and the society's first president.

Anyone knowing his address is asked to communicate with William W. Reid, Room 242, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Two Conferences Seek Total of \$4.8 Million

The churches of the New York and New York East Conferences are in the final stages of preparation for the capital fund crusades to be conducted in local parishes.

The New York Conference development fund calls for \$1,500,000 and the New York East quota is \$3,366,000.

Both conferences have allotted segments of the fund for inner-city work, church extension, and student work including seminary scholarships. In addition, the New York East Conference hopes to build two new retirement homes; and the New York Conference is devoting a sum to the promotion of stewardship.

Filmstrips entitled *Our Moment to Decide* have been prepared for district rallies and local churches; and a brochure with the same title is going to Methodists throughout the conferences explaining the needs.

Laymen to Hear Bosley

Dr. Harold A. Bosley, pastor of Christ Church, New York City, will be the speaker March 1 at 6:45 p.m. at the Newark Conference Annual Fellowship dinner at Drew University. His topic



Breaking ground for the Protestant Center at the New York World's Fair.

will be *What Makes a Church Great?*

The event is sponsored by the conference board of lay activities with William Secker, associate lay leader, as chairman.

The Rev. R. J. Duncan of Wycoff will lead group singing with Mrs. Alden T. Smith at the organ. The Rev. Douglas G. Herbert of the West Paterson Church will speak on *Ministry in Art*.



Green Mountain Student Union.

Construct Student Union

Another Georgian-style building is being constructed on the campus of Green Mountain College, Poultney (Vt.)—a Student Union estimated to cost a million dollars.

The building will include a dining hall for 600 students, student organization offices, a book store, campus store, snack bar, lounges, a guest dining hall, and recreational facilities.

Landscaping plans include a sunken pool to be used as a skating rink in the winter.

Morristown Exceeds Goal

Morristown (N.J.) Methodists launched their Program of Progress, hoping to raise \$324,000 for the addition of a parish hall and renovation of the existing building. The 1,329 members subscribed \$372,082.

The photo below shows executive committee: first row from left, Dr. William L. Lancey, pastor; the Rev. Charles W. Welch of the Board of Missions, director; Victor F. King, chairman; and Robert H. Schenck, chairman of larger gifts; rear row: Walter J. Cilwa, J. Carlton



Morristown workers pass goal.

THE BISHOP WRITES

On Testing

A youngster just under the teens had been industriously working and saving. Periodically he would count his silver hoard with care. Having been engaged in this enterprise he was sitting glumly surveying his wealth. When his mother inquired why this dour aspect, he replied, "I thought I'd be happy when I had saved this money. I'm not."

"Well," said she, "what would make you happy?"

"Love," was the simple answer.

Many of us have come to a like conclusion. Often far too late to share the joy of our discovery. This is the center of our faith. We possess in joy only what we share with joy.

Ernest Hemingway was awarded both the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes for his literary labors, specifically his short novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*. He gave his Pulitzer prize money to his son and his Nobel prize medal to a church. Asked why, he replied, "You really don't feel you own something until you can give it away."

So it is! We may believe we are in possession of some corner of knowledge. We verify our surmise in our ability to teach it, to share it. The test of the authentic Christian life is found in our ability to share it in living and in giving.

Two conferences of this area are presently engaged in "Crusades"—in testing our authentic Christian witness, our ability to live and give. For that matter every Christian is perpetually engaged in this task of discipleship—of living and sharing.

The days of the Lenten Season lie immediately before us when the testing looms large and sharp. By His grace let us not fail Him!

In sincerity,
LLOYD C. WICKE



Yawger, Edward A. Dunbar, Johnston F. Stewart, Martin N. Beversluis, and Lowell D. White.

Drew's News



Dr. Harold A. Brack represented the University at the annual Convention of the Speech Association of America in Cleveland (Ohio). He is chairman of the College Curriculum Committee.

• Recent speakers were Dr. Franz Hildebrandt, who reported on the Second Vatican Council meeting, Dr. Charles W. Ranson, Professor of Ecumenical Theology, presenting a series on *Christian Encounter With Other Faiths* and Bhikhu Vinita of Ceylon on *Representative of Theravada Buddhism*.

Church Buys Plot

A plot of 6.77 acres in the southeastern section of Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) has been acquired as the new site of the Washington Street-Hedding Church. No date has been set for the start of the new building.

Centenary Receives Gift

Mrs. Charles H. Bauer, Jr. of Chatham (N.J.), class of 1928, has made a gift of securities to the college under a plan whereby a donor transferring securities during her lifetime receives the earnings from them. Upon the donor's death both the principal and earnings are retained

by the college. Mrs. Bauer's mother, Mrs. Charles S. Voorhees, was a member of the class of 1905 and her father, the late Walter B. Gulick, former mayor of Hackettstown, was a student there in 1879 and 1880.

• The college's radio station, WNTI, presented singers, musicians, and other specialty acts every half hour for seven hours at its open house. College talent was featured in the afternoon and community talent in the evening.

In Memoriam

New York East Conference
Augustin P. Corliss-Retired
Port Jefferson, N.Y.
January 7, 1963
Arthur C. Flandreau-Retired
Ocean Grove, N.J.
December 18, 1962

MARCH, 1963

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

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Twenty percent	\$2.76	69c each
Thirty percent	\$2.52	63c each

(Fewer than ten percent but grouped and submitted through the church office: \$3.96 a year, cash with order.)

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.



Dr. Bernhard E. Olson; writes new book.

Publishes New Book

Faith and Prejudice by Dr. Bernhard E. Olson of the New York Conference is being published this month by the Yale University Press.

The book is the culmination of seven years' research into the content of educational material of four major Protestant denominations.

Green Mountain Peaks

Ground has been broken for a \$65,000 dormitory which will accommodate 82 students.

- Among the 309 freshmen this year is Cheryl M. Hopson, recipient of a National Merit Scholarship.
- President Raymond A. Withey has been elected a member of the board of directors of the American Association of Junior

Colleges and president of the New England Junior College Council. He is also president of the Vermont Foundation of Independent Colleges and a member of the National Conference on the Private Junior College, sponsored by the American Association of Junior Colleges.

- A dedicatory program and Open House marked the opening of the new \$250,000 infirmary.

The Short Circuit

The Rev. Richard L. Francis, executive secretary of the Brooklyn Division of the Protestant Council of the City of New York, is conducting his 46th preaching mission for the Air Force in Japan, Okinawa and Korea.

Dr. Harold A. Bosley of Christ Church, New York City, was heard on WPIX-TV on the topic *Your Right To Say It*. The program was recorded in Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: a senior high school church-school class in the Ashokan (N.Y.) Church. Pastor William H. Hunter reports that the reorganized MYF of the Reservoir Circuit made the request with a teacher and three students already secured.

Dr. Albert Allinger of Cranford, N.J., was named by the New Jersey Council of Churches Department of Social Education and Action as a delegate to the study conference on the Church and Economic Life in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bishop Wicke is one of 13 bishops sponsoring the celebration of the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's Aldersgate experience. He was also a delegate to the Conference on Religion and Race in Chicago January 14-17.

Area executive secretaries of boards of education will participate in the 11th annual Middle Atlantic Adult Convocation March 7-10 at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. The Rev. Alex Porteus of the New York Conference is assistant director; the Rev. Latimer B. Neale of New York East is a chairman of the leadership committee; the Rev. J. Earl Starkey of Newark is a work group leader.

Albany Street Church, Schenectady, N.Y., conducted a World Vision Institute four successive Sunday evenings.

Budget drive dinners are hardly a novelty—but the Bedford Hills (N.Y.) Church launched its drive with a congregational breakfast.

Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson of Englewood, N.J., was chaplain of the SS Rotterdam on a Caribbean cruise. He held services each Sunday and was available for counseling.

Miss Sarah Metzger was honored at Epworth Church, Whitestone, N.Y., for 50 years' service as a primary department teacher. The Rev. John M. Mackay presented her a Bible, a hymnal and other gifts.

Student Recognition Sunday at Penatquit Church, Bay Shore, N.Y., began with a communion service for college students.

Our apologies to the Rev. G. Lewis Porter of Albany Street Church, Schenectady, N.Y., who was incorrectly identified in a mortgage burning photo on page 4 of the February AREA NEWS. Mr. Porter is in the center foreground.

The Rev. Calvin O. Pressley, a member of the New York Conference, has been named pastor of the interdenominational Church of the Open Door, New York City.

Area to Hear India Story

Bishop Wicke is on a tour of the Area equal in pace if not in scope to his three-month trip through India, Japan and Europe. He is reporting his experiences in India at meetings of ministers and laymen in each of the 16 districts. Photos at bottom and right show him with chaplains and Army officers at several of the military bases he and Mrs. Wicke visited during their recent overseas visit.



Official U. S. Army Photo

Bishop and Mrs. Wicke are greeted at Tokyo International Airport by Chaplain and Mrs. Randolph Phillips as they began a five-day tour of Methodist churches in the vicinity of Tokyo.



Bishop Wicke looks at map of Southeast Asia with Brig. Gen. Joseph W. Stillwell, Jr. (right) in Vietnam. At bishop's left is Chaplain (Lieut.) J. Earl Andrews, 39th Signal Battalion.



Official U. S. Army Photo



Official U. S. Army Photo

Methodist chaplains are greeted by Bishop Wicke during his visit to Vietnam. Shown from left to right are Capt. Donald Squires, the bishop, Lieut. J. Earl Andrews, Capt. Robert B. Howerton, Jr.



New \$105,000 education building at First Church, Oceanside, N.Y., includes classrooms, offices, parish hall, and a modern kitchen. Fred B. Smith was the architect for the attractive, modern structure which members of First Church show with pride to visitors.



The Rev. Charles Barton, Jamaica, N.Y., left, and Dr. Allen E. Claxton of Broadway Temple, New York, chairman of the Northeastern Jurisdiction Board of Evangelism, discuss special Aldersgate Year program for jurisdiction.

New York Area As Viewed by Camera

High-school girls assisting at Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn; standing, Grace Eklof and Marian Siebold of Kings Highway Church, and Candace Bates; kneeling, a member of Fisherman's Church, Brooklyn.



Bergen Record Photo

Dedication services for new \$105,000 Christ Church, Episcopal (Wesleyan), East Rutherford, N.J., (left to right) Pastor Lester Ward, District Superintendent Forest Farrow, and Chairman of the Building Committee Herbert Cutter.



Bergen Record Photo

Recital by West Point organist John Davis, Jr., marked the dedication of a \$12,800 organ at Stony Point, N.Y. Standing at the right and holding the dedication service program is the Rev. William C. Crouch, pastor.

